

The **A**MERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



Beginning WHEN MR. BAKER
MADE WAR *By Frederick Palmer*

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I HAD never been called on to speak before but I thought of course I could do as well as the rest of the bunch. When the chairman asked me to say a few words I told him I wasn't a speaker, but he said, "Oh, it's easy, you won't have a bit of trouble. Just talk naturally."

The minute I was on my feet I began to realize that speaking was a lot more difficult than I had expected. I had made a few notes of what I wanted to say, and had gone over my speech at home several times, but somehow I couldn't seem to get started. Everyone appeared to be bored and hostile. Suddenly I noticed two of the members whispering and laughing. For an instant I almost lost control of myself and wanted to slink out of that room like a whipped cur. But I pulled myself together and made a fresh attempt to get started when someone in the audience said, "Louder and funnier!" Everyone laughed. I stammered a few words and sat down!

And that was the way it always was—I was always trying to impress others with my ability—in business, in social life—in club work—and always failing miserably. I was just background for the rest—I was given all the hard committee jobs, but none of the glory, none of the honor. Why couldn't I talk easily and fluently like other men talked? Why couldn't I put my ideas across clearly and forcefully, winning approval and applause? Often I saw men who were not half so thorough

nor so hard working as I promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

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* * *

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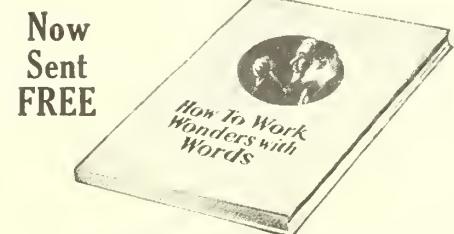
Today business demands for the big, important, high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales-manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing

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The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

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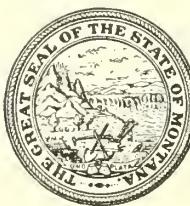
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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

MONTANA: The 41st State, admitted to the Union Nov. 8, 1889. It had been owned by England, France and Spain, aside from the Indians, before the United States possessed it. The French sold its claims with Louisiana, Apr. 30, 1803. Spain, by the treaty of 1819, relinquished its claims. England and America occupied the region west of the Rocky Mountains, then part of the Oregon Country, under the treaty signed, Oct. 20, 1818. England gave it up under the treaty of June 15, 1846. Montana, like so many other States carved out of the Louisiana Purchase, has had parts included in other territories, Oregon, Washington, Nebraska, Dakota and Idaho. Congress established it as a territory, May 26, 1864. Population, 1870, 20,595; 1928 (U. S. est.), 548,889. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 34.7; 1910, 35.5; 1920, 31.3. Area, 146,997 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 3.8 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 39th in population,

3d in area, 44th in density. Capital, Helena (1920 U. S. est.), 12,037. Three largest cities (1928 U. S. est.), Butte, 43,600; Great Falls, 24,121; Missoula, 12,668. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$2,223,180,000. The principal sources of wealth, mineral output (1925) was valued at \$70,261,284, the leader being copper, \$38,185,340; followed by coal, petroleum and silver; the combined value from mining, copper smelting and refining (1920 U. S. Census) was \$195,624,000; all crops (1920 U. S. Census) were valued at \$69,975,000, the leaders being wheat, oats and barley; sheep and cattle (1922), \$98,004,000; dairy and poultry products, \$38,000,000. Montana had 39,663 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted May 24, 1864, Oro y Plata (Gold and Silver). Origin of name: The name from the Latin montana, fem. of montanus, that is, mountainous, was applied by the Spaniards to the State which sprawls on the eastern and on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Nickname: Bonanza.



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PEACE and a FULL STOMACH

By
Edward A.
Filene

THE people of a nation gladly go to war when conditions are so bad that no change can be for the worse. And in almost every instance a war is caused by economic reasons. If, for example, a country has no coal with which to make its iron ore into steel, and if it must make steel in order to trade it to other nations for necessary food, and if it cannot buy coal from the neighboring nation at a price which will make possible this exchange of steel for food—why, it is not only logical but also it is inevitable that there will come a war to take the coal mines. The nation needs the coal so that its people may have enough to eat. Lacking any other way of getting enough to eat, its citizens will fight for it, although the immediate occasion for declaring war will probably be some minor incident that constitutes a national insult.

The simplest example is probably that of three men shipwrecked on a raft in mid-ocean, with just enough food and fresh water to supply them a day—or to supply one of them for three days. If all of this food is in the possession of one man, and he refuses to share it, his companions will surely try to throw him overboard and take the supplies. And we should not respect them for sitting there and dying without an effort to get what they need.

Basically, this is why any effort to attain world peace through other than economic channels is bound to fall short of the abolition of war. You may sign all sorts of treaties, agree to the fellowship of man and all the rest—but when your nation finds itself figuratively on a raft where someone else has possession of the means to maintain life, it will fight for its life. All the peace societies, disarmament conferences, and the like serve only one lasting purpose in the movement to avoid war: they keep us all reminded that we want world peace, and by talking about it make us realize that it may be eventually possible.

Very few members of The American Legion, I dare say, put much faith in the ideas of the pacifists, those visionary folk who believe we should disarm the United States as an example to the world, and who tell us in all seriousness that if someone slaps us on the Atlantic cheek we should forthwith invite him to come around to the Pacific side to do the same thing there. For the



Edward A. Filene is president of William Filene's Sons Company, the largest department store in Boston. Like the heroes of the *Alger* books, he began in a small way, and during the years built a tiny shop into one of the greatest retail institutions in the world. But he has not been content to make his business his whole life. He has pioneered the way in a multitude of organizations that are quietly working for the betterment of the lot of mankind, more particularly in bringing about a better understanding between nations and in bringing world peace nearer by removing the causes of war. Despite the fact that he did not attend college—he prepared himself to enter Harvard, only to be forced into business to keep his family from actual want—he is a member of more learned societies than most university presidents. When the United States entered the war he served the Government in unofficial capacities, part of the time as an aide to Secretary of War Baker.

might get them in worse shape.

This, if we look the facts in the face, is why the United States has never been a warlike nation. We have been uniformly prosperous, barring only the temporary recessions of business. Our people's condition has almost always been such that they would be better off without war than with it. Therefore, we have had comparatively little war. The tendency to war is economic, not racial. If it were racial, we should be just as warlike as the rest of the world—for our population is made up of the races of the rest of the world.

What can you and I and the rest of our people do to bring about this much-desired condition of world peace? As I have pointed out, there is only one really effective, (Continued on page 40)

veteran, while he is often an idealist, is at the same time by reason of his wartime experiences a realist. He knows human nature as it is, not as it ought to be. And he reasons accordingly.

From talking with them all through Europe and the United States and Canada, I know that no group of people is so eager to prevent war as are the men and women who fought the World War. They experienced the ghastly horror of warfare. With disillusioned eyes they saw the hopeless waste of it. Perhaps there are some who, never having gone beyond the training camps, retain in their minds some shreds of the glamor that traditionally surrounds things military. But there is none of this among the men who lie in hospital today as they have lain there for twelve years—not even among those who came unscathed through such affairs as the Argonne or laying the mine barrage in the North Sea.

War can be prevented, and I firmly believe that before long it will be prevented. But this will not be accomplished by the pacifists, or by the thousand and one other groups who have their own patent panaceas. It will come only when the people of the world, the rank and file of every nation, have enough to eat and enough to wear and housing to shelter them adequately, and along with this a sense of economic security which gives them reasonable assurance that they will continue to enjoy this prosperity. And remember: a nation is not prosperous just because it has a hundred thousand millionaires. It is prosperous when all of its people have enough money to buy freely, and with this buying keep the others at work, whose buying in turn will keep them at work. There will be every incentive for people of a nation to keep this happy condition in continuance, not to flee into a war which

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to low pay, long hours, and tiresome routine! Today he has reaped the rewards that this little volume placed within his reach. His salary runs well into the 5-figure class—actually exceeding \$10,000 a year.

Another man, Wm. Shore, of Lake Hughes, California, was a cowboy when he sent for "The Key To Master Salesmanship." Now he is a star salesman making as high as \$525 in a single week. L. H. Lundstedt, of Chicago, read it, and increased his earnings 600%; C. V. Champion, of Danville, Illinois, raised his salary to over \$10,000 a year and became President of his company in the bargain!

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Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "The Key To Master Salesmanship," and tell me about your Free Employment Service and other features of the N. S. T. A.

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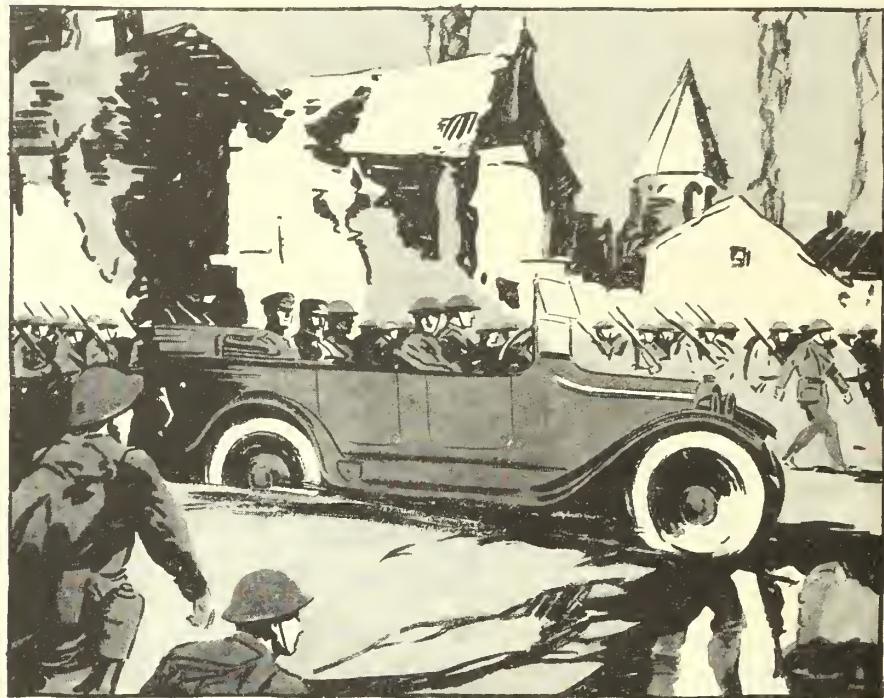
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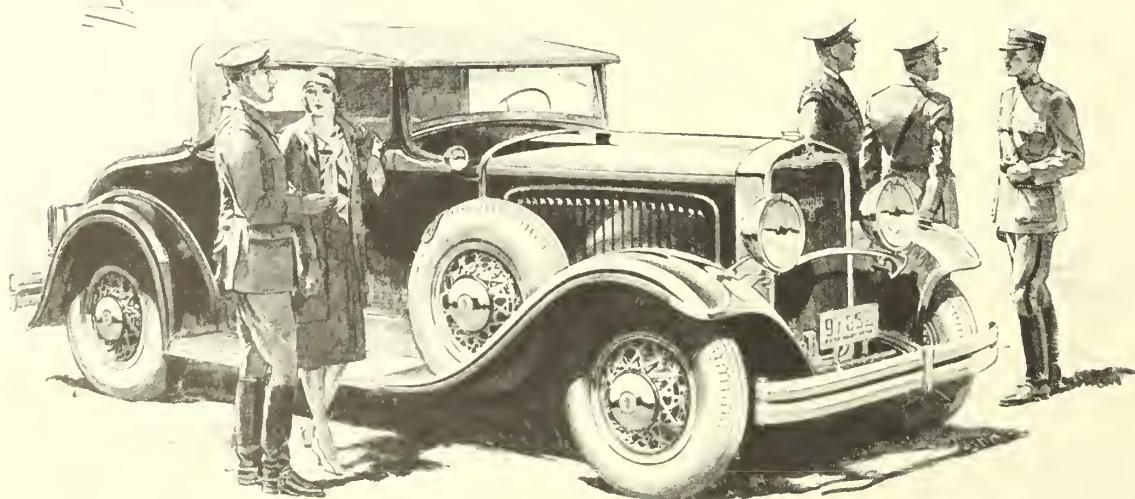


ternal weatherproof hydraulic brakes; the sturdy, safe, silent Mono-Piece Steel Bodies and the remarkable smoothness and steadiness at high speeds.

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DODGE
SIX AND EIGHT



CO-OPERATION

By Knute Rockne

YEARS ago there was graduated from a Michigan City grade school one June a young chap named Fogarty. Fogarty was a normal lad except for his interest in athletics, which was abnormal. He was one of those youngsters who knew all the big league batting averages by heart. The real height of his ambition was to play on the high school football team. So that fall, after matriculating at the high school, when a notice appeared on the bulletin board for all candidates for the football team to report, the first lad out was Fogarty in a uniform his mother had made for him.

That first year Fogarty showed his mettle. He was the first boy out to practice every afternoon and the last one in. But Fogarty did not make the team his freshman year. The following fall, when the call came for candidates, Fogarty again reported. Being a little older and a little heavier and having a year's experience behind him, he thought his chances were better. Again he was the hardest working man on the squad, but still he didn't make the team. His junior year rolled by, his senior year arrived, and Fogarty, for all his trying, had still to make the team.

It was the last game of the season for Michigan City against LaPorte. The game would establish the champion of Northern Indiana. The referee had just blown his whistle indicating that the final quarter had begun, and there sat Fogarty on the bench. His mind ran over his hopes and ambitions and failures. He had yet to play a single minute with the first team. All that had come to his lot was the abuse, the drubbing and the grief that fall to a scrub. As Fogarty in his mind's ear heard the timer's watch ticking off the minutes that would see his high school ambition come to naught, he felt just about as low as dirt. And then—

The game stopped suddenly and the Michigan City captain turned toward the bench. "Fogarty!" In less than nothing Fogarty had his sweat shirt off. His feet hit the ground just twice before he was among the players in midfield.

The cheering section reverberated with nine 'rahs for Fogarty as he ran on to the playing field



The cheering section reverberated with nine 'rahs for Fogarty as he ran on to the playing field

nine 'rahs for Fogarty. It was sweet music to Fogarty's ears—he had never heard it before.

And, as Fogarty lit in midfield his teammates formed a circle around him and the captain said:

"Fogarty, take off your pants and give them to the left half-back. His are torn."

There is a legend that due to Fogarty's suggestion the left half-back put the pants on backwards and that this won the game, as the other team could not tackle him, not being able to tell which way he was going.

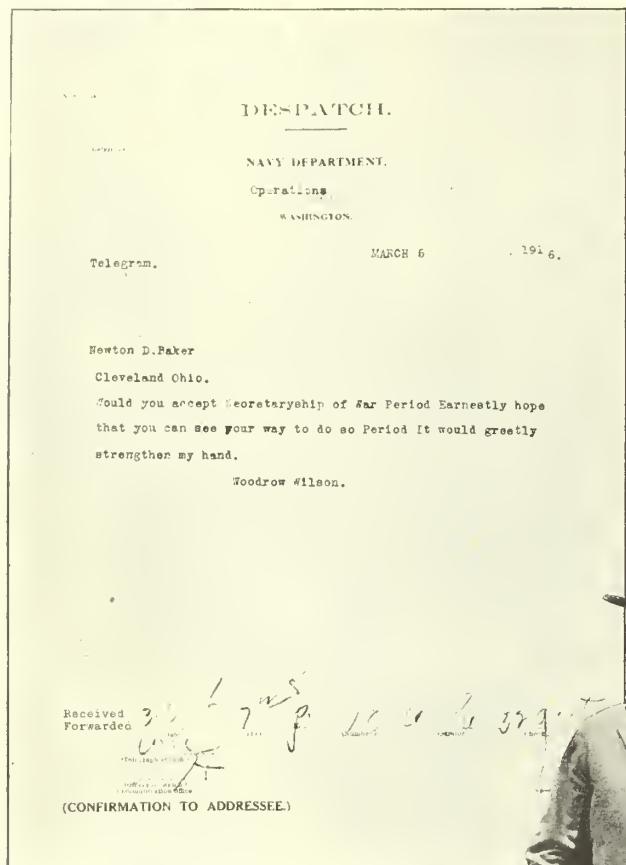
Be that as it may, this is a little story I like to tell, for it exhibits the *n*th degree in co-operation. Fogarty labored and sweated for four years and finally, at a crucial moment, was able to contribute his wee mite of co-operation.

I was reading recently the technical details of the St. Mihiel drive as presented by a staff expert. Many of the things he discussed were beyond me, but there was one thing that stood out in all his analysis, and that was the splendid co-operation between infantry, artillery, airplanes, liaison, staff, commissary, and so on.

I had a talk a while ago with one of the leaders of American industry, and I asked him which factor he appraised most highly in young men coming up in his organization, the spirit of co-operation or technical knowledge. He said: "It used to be knowledge, but today I would say the spirit of co-operation. Much of the trouble in my organization has been due to men endowed with more than their share of knowledge but who would not co-operate." He laid most of the blame for the lack of this co-operative spirit in (Continued on page 46)

*Illustration by
De Alton Valentine*

BEGINNING— WHEN MR. MADE



It needed the Navy's help to provide a wartime chief for the Army—Newton D. Baker's copy of the telegram President Wilson dispatched from the yacht Mayflower on March 5, 1916, asking him to become Secretary of War

IN the twentieth month of the World War on the morning of March 9, 1916, a group of newspaper men were waiting for a caller to come out of the White House. They were assured that they would not have a dull day. Washington would share broadside headlines with Columbus, New Mexico, in the afternoon and morning papers, with promise of good follow-ups for days to come.

When war was so much the fashion the United States might have a little war of its own. At least, there would be plentiful "personality stuff" as well as "flash news." Two new figures were in bold relief.

One was the Mexican bandit leader, Francisco Villa, whose murderous raid into United States territory during the previous night had lifted the border town of Columbus out of obscurity into a greater momentary military significance than Rheims or Ypres to the American public. The other was now insisting to President Wilson that he was quite unfit to be Secretary of War; he was entirely unfamiliar with army organization; he knew no generals except as acquaintances; and he had not even played with lead

soldiers as a boy. The nearest he had come to any kind of military experience was being rejected as a volunteer in the war with Spain owing to defective eyesight.

"Are you ready to be sworn in?" was the President's laconic answer to all these reasons given for him to reconsider his choice.

Aside from the Villa raid, another situation concentrated attention on the incoming Secretary of War. The section of public opinion which had favored strong American preparedness, including partisan political opposition to the Administration, had hailed the courage of the late Secretary of War, Lindley

M. Garrison, when he resigned upon the President's repudiation of his Continental Army plan. Henry Breckenridge, the Assistant Secretary, had resigned in sympathy with his chief. Automatically, Major General Hugh L. Scott, the Chief of Staff, had become Secretary of War; but the law, in jealous guardianship of civilian over military authority, allowed the Chief of Staff to be acting Secretary for only one month.

The two most talked of for the succession were David Franklin Houston, Secretary of Agriculture, and Senator George E. Chamberlain of Oregon. Both would have been acceptable to the preparedness groups. Mr. Houston was conservative, and considered to be one of the strong men of the Cabinet. Chamberlain, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, was eager for the place. In the course of the prolonged Congressional discussion of various plans for military expansion he had been against the National Guard, while James Hay, Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, was its champion.

Three weeks passed and the President had not even appointed an Assistant Secretary of War who might take General Scott's place as acting Secretary. A giant should be forthcoming out of such protracted counsel and reflection. The President turned to an outsider who was free of any predisposition in relation to the Chamberlain-Hay feud.

On March 6th he announced the choice of Newton D. Baker, former Mayor of Cleveland. The Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune* wrote on the same day that Baker had been counted out of the running largely because he was a pacifist. "The President will become the actual Secretary of War and Baker merely an executive officer."

A dispatch from Cleveland in the *New York Tribune* of March 7th said of Baker: "He is a slim little man with a fighting jaw and a whimsical eye... He is possessed of a clear, analytical mind which has been called one of the most intellectual in the country."

The newspaper men had heard that Baker was quite young; but it did not seem possible that he could be quite so young or



President Wilson from
a wartime photograph

By
Frederick
Palmer

BAKER WAR

so small as the boyish little fellow who came out of the White House. Familiar as they were with the faces of all the leading men in Washington and of public men generally, some of them were uncertain that this stranger in town might not be just another one of the President's old students at Princeton of about the period of the class of 1905—Baker's class being 1893 at Johns Hopkins—who was of no news importance at all.

"Are you the new Secretary of War who is going to be sworn in?" one asked.

When Baker gently acknowledged that such was the truth he was told:

"Hell's broken loose in Mexico."

This news, which had not been in the morning papers but had just come over the wire, ought to hold the little fellow for a while. He had stepped into trouble right away. And what was he going to do about it? Was there to be an end of Wilson's "watchful waiting" policy in Mexico?

Not in the White House grounds, but later, when the circle of newspaper men gathered around his desk at the Department, did they get a talk. They asked Baker if he were a pacifist.

"So much of a one that I would fight for peace," he said.

"I am innocent," he was further reported as saying by the *New York Tribune* of March 10th. "I do not know anything about this job. That means, too, that I have no obsessions or prejudices about policies."

But how could this "innocent" tell them anything further when as yet he knew nothing about his task? Among the flowers on his desk, which friends had sent, was a bunch of pansies. To make conversation he spoke of his fondness for flowers and that he particularly liked pansies.

The most interested of the newspaper group were the regulars who covered the State, War and Navy Building. He was dependent upon them for the kind of press he got; they were dependent upon him for news. He must take them into his confidence, and understand that no one keeps a secret so well as a newspaper man, and they would not let him down, and he must not let them down.

After the group had left Baker's office, as they passed along the corridor, they were free to mention their first impressions to one another. Kirke Simpson of the Associated Press, a veteran who had long been assigned to the War Department, and was to



Newton D. Baker, from a recent photograph by Standiford of Cleveland

Brigadier-General John J. Pershing, from a Signal Corps photograph made in Mexico in 1916 during the campaign to "catch Villa"—which was not intended to catch Villa at all

remain there through the World War, recalled the remark with which a hard-boiled colleague broke the silence.

"Pansy Baker!" he said, and no more.

It is not the business of faithful reporters to express opinions or cast reflections. This is left to editorial writers, legislators and the public in general; but a characterization which was not put in the dispatches, so far as I know, was to travel far through the channels of oral publicity which, assuming the authority of inside impressions and information, are often more influential than the printed word.

Pansy Baker! In place of the solid Garrison who had burned the midnight oil in vain in perfecting his plan for a Continental Army!

Baker was quoted in an interview with Rowland Thomas of militarist leanings in the *New York World* of March 10, 1916, which was widely circulated and quoted, and which contributed further to the view that he was off to a bad start:

"If I scrutinize myself quite impersonally, I am led to think that I have a sluggish mind. I mean by that my mind works



Company G, Second Battalion Engineers, unloading equipment at the railroad station at Columbus, New Mexico, the town that replaced Ypres and Rheims in news importance overnight

slowly. There is no trace of brilliancy. A brilliant mind, in my opinion, is often like a valuable horse, excellent for a race, but requiring to be kept in a stable for a day or two afterward. My mind is like a draft horse. It does not rear, but it follows its own little road back and forth. I think, too, that it is an advantage to be so short and look so young."

So he might easily be considered, according to his own confession, as a weak little man on his little track, asking for indulgence for his inadequateness. Thomas had evidently not noted the "whimsical eye" or the "fighting jaw," or been conscious of contact with one of the foremost analytical minds in the country. A writer for the metropolitan press might easily conclude that one who expressed this kindly view was a local correspondent in Cleveland and a friend of Baker's.

SECRETARIES of War come and go but the Army goes on. War Department subordinates had a more intimate interest than the newspaper regulars in looking Baker over. They must begin all afresh with a new pupil, just after his predecessor, Garrison, had been settled and trained.

The chiefs and sub-chefs had gathered in the big reception room to receive him under the portraits of former Secretaries of War and the shadow of War Department tradition. The veteran clerk, Mr. Randolph, had five separate type-written forms on the table ready. Randolph had been an office boy under Secretary Stanton in the Civil War and served under every succeeding Secretary, and as Baker once remarked, "probably has his opinions about us all." The five forms were oaths, every one of which, as he told the latest Secretary, was in precedent. The longest was five pages. One was only half a page. Baker chose this.

"It is the shortest," he said, "and I'll take that, as nature has rather adapted me to short things."

The official family disappeared to their tasks, and he was sitting at the desk with the big window at his back, sworn in and ready for business.

Standing before him were white-haired Major General Hugh L. Scott, Chief of Staff, and Major General Tasker H. Bliss,

Assistant Chief of Staff, marked men from West Point days, embodying all the lore of the Army. Either was sixty-one, old enough to be the father of the new Secretary who seemed so incredibly young and so very small. Baker began by asking General Scott to treat him as a father would his son who had all to learn. Scott passed him several pages of flimsy which had all the reports received that morning from the Mexican border. These the President had not seen, nor had Baker discussed the raid with him.

The new Secretary lighted his pipe, and slipped up one foot on the chair seat, half sitting on it, a posture that made him seem even more boyish and unmilitary. There was silence, a very important silence on the threshold of Baker's new career. After he had read all the reports he said quietly:

"This is very grave. What do you think we should do?"

A force of cavalry had already crossed the border to follow Villa. General Scott thought it should not be recalled but continue pursuit, and be reinforced by a strong retaliatory expedition to follow a "hot trail."

"That is my opinion," said the little Secretary. "Let us proceed."

Then the peaceful routine of the War Department was stirred by action, the kind for which it is the business of the peaceful routine to prepare. Where, yesterday, it had been receiving reports by mail from department commanders, and transferring officers by mail to new assignments, it was flashing telegraphic directions for mobilization.

It was apparent that the new Secretary was a nimble little man. When he wanted to summon General Scott he would go to the door of Scott's office, adjoining his, and call him. This was not at all as it should be, so far as precedent ran. The veteran of the Spanish War and Indian campaigns explained to the rookie:

"There is a buzzer on your desk, sir. Press that when you want me."

"General Scott," said the new Secretary, "I cannot call you with a button. You are older, you are wiser than I. You know all about this business, and I know nothing about it, and I cannot



Pre-A. E. F.: Barber shop of Troop C, 11th Cavalry, at Dublan, Mexico



Some of the spoil of the Punitive Expedition: Columbus raiders at Dublan photographed for the courts of New Mexico

reverse the natural order of things necessary to call you with a push button."

"You are the Secretary of War," said the Chief of Staff, without reference to whimsical eye, fighting jaw, or clear analytical mind. It was not fitting that a superior should go to a subordinate. He should summon the subordinate. However, the rookie was incorrigible. He forgot his part, and kept on, even after the World War began, opening the door instead of pressing the buzzer. He would drop into other offices in a friendly fashion.

Major General Frederick Funston was in command of the Southern Department. It was not for him to leave his post unless we were actually at war with Mexico. Brigadier General John J. Pershing was sent in command of the flying column whose object was to be misunderstood owing to the word that the newspaper men had from the office of the Secretary of State down the corridor of the State, War and Navy building. It was proclaimed that Pershing was going to "catch Villa." This impression was given in dispatches from the border. But the actual order sent to Funston from the War Department on the early morning of March 10th was:

"You will promptly organize an adequate military force of troops from your department under the command of Brigadier General John J. Pershing and will direct him to proceed promptly across the border in pursuit of the Mexican band which attacked the town of Columbus, New Mexico, and the troops there on the morning of the ninth instant. These troops will be withdrawn to American territory as soon as the de facto government of Mexico is able to relieve them of this work. In any event the work of these troops will be regarded as finished as soon as Villa's band or bands are known to be broken up. In carrying out these instructions you are authorized to employ whatever guides and interpreters are necessary and you are given general authority to employ such transportation, including motor transportation, with necessary civilian personnel as may be required. The President desires his following instructions to be carefully adhered to and to be strictly confidential. You will instruct the commanders of your



When Pershing rated only a single star: Lieut. J. L. Collins, Major John L. Hines (who was Adjutant General of the Expedition), Colonel De Rosey C. Cabell, Chief of Staff, and Brigadier General John J. Pershing

troops on the border opposite the states of Chihuahua and Sonora, or, roughly, within the field of possible operations by Villa and not under the control of the force of the de facto government, that they are authorized to use the same tactics of defense and pursuit in the event of similar raids across the border and into the

United States by a band or bands such as attacked Columbus, New Mexico, yesterday. You are instructed to make all practicable use of the aeroplanes at San Antonio, Texas, for observation. Telegraph for whatever reinforcements or material you need. Notify this office as to force selected and expedite movement."

On March 13th Baker wrote to his friend Judge John H. Clarke: "My coming was taken advantage of by Villa, and I have a deep grudge against him for the days of anxiety and discomfort already given me. Perhaps a man who has accumulated so many grudges, however, is indifferent to adding one from me. But if General Funston will do just what I want him to do, or if he can do what I want him to do, I shall be able to regard these three days of rather deep disturbance as having been well spent."

Yet the observations of those close to him were that far from appearing anxious he was quite serene.

IT meant nothing in France to say to a man who had first put on khaki in 1917 that you had been on the Mexican border, but it was a bond of union between all who had been fellow pupils in that harassing and severe school of instruction under a desert sun. Before the summer of 1916 was over we were to have the largest force under arms since the war with Spain, and General Funston was to have the largest force under a single command since the Civil War. The cause of it all, Francisco Villa, in his raid across the border had killed or wounded eight civilians and seven officers and soldiers, and he left behind him sixty-seven dead out of a band of five hundred.

Baker was learning army organization under service conditions as preparation for the greater task to come; he was dealing with factious Mexican chieftains as a preliminary to some of his difficulties with our Allies in the World War.



Members of the Sixteenth Infantry resting on the march into Mexico, with Cantigny, Soissons and the Argonne an eternity away

Carranza, the constitutional chief, whom President Wilson had recognized as head of a de facto government, had tacitly consented to Pershing's expedition crossing the border, as this disposed of Villa, the master of the rich province of Chihuahua. Obregon, master of Sonora, who had once struck hands with Villa against Carranza, looked forward to possessing Chihuahua with Villa's passing, and further to supplanting Carranza in the seats of the mighty at Chapultepec. Obregon was a man of the world, well educated, who spoke foreign languages and had foreign military training. Villa's had always been the bandit school.

No property was safe to him unless it was in his possession. He loved his kind of war for war's sake as well as for its largess. To prove that he could write his own name he carried a large fountain pen, although he was shy about giving exhibitions with it.

In late April and early May General Bliss, while General Scott was on the border as a link between Baker and Funston, was bringing alarming dispatches to the Secretary's desk. It looked as if open war were at hand.

"This government cannot withdraw troops [the Pershing expedition] until it is satisfied that danger to our people on the border is removed," the Secretary telegraphed to Scott. . . . "If our troops are attacked, or their operations for the protection of the people of the United States are obstructed, the consequences, however, will rest upon General Obregon. Safeguard your persons in retiring from the [next] interview; and if it terminates in such a break as above outlined, concentrate American troops in a position thoroughly prepared for defense. On no account give excuse for attack. If attacked, take all necessary steps to make answer decisive and speedy."

This dispatch referred to conferences that Scott and Funston

were having with Obregon. We wanted him to allow the use of the Northwestern railroad to get supplies to Pershing, whose headquarters was now a hundred miles from the border. Pershing's ranging cavalry detachments had carried out orders by breaking up Villa's band, but the "catch Villa" promise of the State Department had not been fulfilled. General Scott reported that Villa's location was unknown; as just another Mexican among Mexicans "he might go clear to Yucatan."

Was Pershing to withdraw, to advance, or to concentrate and hold on? Obregon, who would permit the use of the railroad only upon Pershing's withdrawal, had had his answer from Baker in unmistakable terms. Withdrawal would indicate a timidity on our part emboldening the Mexicans to further raids. So Pershing's task was not finished by breaking up Villa's band. It was set for long months to come as a pendulum that could swing either way beyond the border. If bands were on the move, he was to allow them to get between him and the border, so his cavalry could strike them in the rear.

But he had only two weeks' rations. His animals were exhausted by swift marches and lack of forage. His men, in a land of scattered villages and little sustenance, were undergoing the hardships and trials which we associate with the old army on the plains and the thirsty travails of the Forty-Niners. Without the support of the railroad the chieftains might easily conclude that they had Pershing's Gringoes, who were so dependent on their supply trains which must be guarded from guerrilla attacks, in a trap. But they were overlooking the resources of Detroit.

Congress at that time permitted the War Department no expenditure which was not appropriated for and earmarked for its purpose. Quartermaster General Sharpe was in a quandary about authority to spend



Major General Tasker H. Bliss, Assistant Chief of Staff (later one of America's peace delegates to Paris), and Major General Hugh L. Scott, Chief of Staff, to whom Secretary Baker said: "I cannot call you with a button. You are older, you are wiser than I."



A wagon train crossing the desert of northern Chihuahua after leaving supplies with the Punitive Expedition, before dusty Mexico made way for sunny France

money on motor trucks and other material to supply Pershing's men and on building a road to Pershing's camp.

"Mine is the responsibility," said Baker. "Go ahead. Get whatever you need, and Pershing needs."

If Carranza and Obregon had not learned Pershing's situation through their own intelligence services German agents in Mexico were not lacking to supply them with information which would urge them to defy us. And when enemy Villa was eliminated, Carranza, the pompous, short-sighted, stubborn, and chauvinistic country squire, who enjoyed diplomatic quibbling, was proving to be a thorn as well as a weak reed on which to lean our policy of toleration.

Late hours were the rule in early May both at Headquarters on the border and in the War Department. A decisive dispatch which had been sent at 1:10 A. M. and decoded at 2:23 A. M. was awaiting Secretary Baker when he arrived at his office on the morning of May ninth. Conferences with Obregon, who refused to recede from his position, had been finally broken off. Raids might be expected all along the border. "Our line is thin and weak and inadequate to protect the border anywhere if attacked in force." Carranza's troops were definitely concentrating in front of Pershing, and gathering supplies for action, instead of undertaking the patrol of the border now that Villa no longer disputed the de facto government's authority. Carranza's soldiers in uniform were found among the dead of small parties of raiding bandits whom he pursued.

The message, already prepared and waiting in the War Department, calling out the National Guard of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas had only to be issued. General Trevino, Carranza's chief general, openly informed General Pershing that any movement southward by him would be resisted. Pershing replied that he would take orders only from his Commander-in-Chief. Soon it was clear that the militia of the three border States were not sufficient to guard the long and difficult border. Where were we to get further troops?

On March 17th, soon after the Villa raid, Congress had authorized the expansion of our Regular Army to its full strength of 5,018 officers and 123,000 enlisted men, including Philippine scouts. In anticipation of its passage new recruiting stations were opened as soon as Pershing crossed the border. All the old means of enlistment were intensified, new ones created. A publicity expert was called in to make attractive circulars, posters, and advertisements. A new law appointing cadets to West Point from the ranks of the Regular Army was heralded. A sergeant was put on a "Safety First" train which was touring the country.

But the most persuasive capitalizations of the adventure of Pershing's chase of Villa and the prospect of a march to Mexico City had small response in a period of prosperity when the war babies were booming in Wall Street and jobs were plentiful at high wages in making munitions for the European Allies. In a land which a year later was summoning its manhood in multitudes to the training camps, the Regular Army was still twenty thousand men short of its full strength in the middle of May.

We had denuded our posts of the regular infantry; it had been joined on the border by detachments of coast artillery. A small force might march to Mexico City, but to clear the whole country of guerrilla bands and restore order would require from three to five hundred thousand men. And their withdrawal from civil industry would be a heavy drain on industrial resources and a consequent lessening of our



A neutral view of neutral America, from De Notenkraker of Amsterdam. Uncle Sam is saying: "What shall I do? If I enter the war, then I shall have to use my munitions, without payment, against the enemy, whereas now I can sell them for a good price to my friends"

exports of munitions to the Allies and accompanying profits.

The slogan of Wilson's supporters in the Presidential campaign of 1916, "He kept us out of war," referred to the World War. The War Department problem was how to keep out of war with Mexico and safeguard our border; and if war came where to find the troops for garrisoning and policing.

The National Defense Act of June 3d had federalized the state militia into a real National Guard for the first time in our history. In the midst of the complex business of the transfer, requiring new oaths and forms, the Guard of all the States was called out, June 18th, for service on the border. Officers and men had to give up their work and opportunities in boom times to serve on soldiers' pay.

As the Guardsmen mobilized with soldiers' gaiety, but with no inward enthusiasm beyond the sense of duty, probability of war with Mexico appeared to become a certainty on June 21st with the news of the Carrizal action. This was the second time that

Sixty-fifth Congress of the United States of America;

At the First Session,

Begun and held at the City of Washington on Monday, the second day of April, one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

JOINT RESOLUTION

Declaring that a state of war exists between the Imperial German Government and the Government and the people of the United States and making provision to prosecute the same.

Whereas the Imperial German Government has committed repeated acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States of America: Therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government which has thus been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared; and that the President be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial German Government; and to bring the conflict to a successful termination all of the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States.

Campbell

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

T. R. Marshall

Vice President of the United States and
President of the Senate.

Approved April 6, 1917

Woodrow Wilson

The declaration of war, signed by the President, the Vice President, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives

one of Pershing's cavalry detachments had been attacked treacherously by the Mexicans.

Baker bade Funston tell Pershing to hold fast and be prepared to seize the international bridges at once and not dissipate our strength in the pursuit of small bands while he awaited arrival of the Guard, when, with the Regulars, he should have a force of one hundred and fifty thousand. He added: "If popular feeling enabled us to recruit to war strength we would have two hundred and fifty thousand militia . . . a force sufficient, in case the Mexicans refused to make any terms, to force them entirely out of the Northern States of Mexico and ourselves to occupy positions which would prevent their return until we permitted it."

This was continuing the pendulum policy. It did not contemplate the taking of Mexico City, but still left the Mexicans their own capital.

Although, under the new act, forty thousand postmasters were acting as recruiting agents, the response was far from lively. Later, with the publication of the Zimmerman note, we learned to what tune our soldiers were patrolling the border. In case we went to war with Germany, the German foreign office was promising Mexico an alliance with Japan and the recovery of her "lost provinces" of New Mexico and Texas.

Germany saw advantage out of Mexican chaos in impeding Britain's supply of oil for her navy and gasoline for her army trucks from the Tampico fields.

Cognizance of this was taken by Baker in a letter to the Presi-

dent on June 26th. "If there is a likelihood of British intervention at Tampico we ought to forestall it if trouble comes by intervening there, so as to make outside interference unnecessary."

But the acute crisis of the Mexican border was over, although its misery had just begun. After the Carrizal experience the Carranzistas did not again attack Pershing, who remained on the hair-trigger duty of being on guard against armed attacks and not offending Mexican sensibilities.

The motor trucks plowing through the sands and the sloughs with rations for his ten thousand had not the interest of Townshend at Kut-el-Amara, the taking or the loss of a village in the Somme battle, Zeppelin raids over London, or any other minor action on the European front, or an interview by a returned public man who had had the privilege of meeting Lloyd George. The National Guardsmen had no break, month after month, in their monotonous patrol of that long frontier, except in pursuit of an occasional group of bandits whom they chased so hard that bandit sallies grew unfashionable in Mexico. It was not war, but a battle with boredom rather than with men, and many found it quite as unpleasant if less exciting than the war in France.

Throughout the parleys of the American and Mexican commissions at Atlantic City in the autumn of 1916 Baker would not budge from his determination that Pershing's forces must remain fast until there was proof of border security.

In a letter to General Bliss, who was serving on the Commission, he said that he did not desire to suggest "rough treatment of Mexican sensibilities" when "Mexican high officials are so very punctilious and ceremonial in their approach to national questions," but "if the Mexican commissioners wish to avoid intervention



His Easter egg, from the New York Times

they ought to understand that there is no other way than by the suppression of aggression, and that we intend to suppress it, if they do not." Not until February 3, 1917, when this object seemed to be assured and relations were broken off with Germany, was the National Guard withdrawn.

IN HIS study of military history a new Secretary of War may learn that we made a better showing in the Revolution, when we were creating the nation, than in our second war with Britain, 1812-14, after we had been a nation nearly forty years. Our population in 1776 was three millions, and in 1812 seven and one-half millions. The largest force we had at one time during the Revolution was eighty-nine thousand and the largest the British had on our soil was forty-one thousand. In the War of 1812, when the

British burned our capitol, our largest force at any one time was two hundred and thirty-five thousand and the largest the British had at any one time was sixteen thousand.

We had a great leader in the Revolution, a practical soldier fully conscious of human limitations, who made a disciplined force out of the Continental Army.

The war of 1812-14 was our supreme example of multitudes of untrained men under untrained officers setting numbers and vagarious tactics against skill and concentration. We did much better in our organization and efficiency in action in the War with Mexico, 1846-48, if we discount the fact that we were against an inferior foe and at the same time consider all the physical obstacles we had to overcome.

We may pass over the Civil War with no comment beyond the reminder that the men who were in both actions looked back from Gettysburg in 1863 to themselves as

the sheerest amateurs at Bull Run in 1861. Both the Federal and Confederate armies were trained by experience in combat with one another in the field, without ever having had the primary disillusionment of meeting a trained enemy at the start.

For twenty years after the Civil War we were wholly uninterested in any form of military preparedness. Our Navy of Civil War relics, with its old cannon, was a jest in all the ports of the world. When, in Grover Cleveland's first administration, we began building a modern navy, no army increase accompanied naval increase. The Indians seemed too securely concentrated on the reservation ever again to go on the war-path. The only frontier we had no longer existed for the Regulars to guard. The thought of war with Canada was as incredible as that of another war between the States. Our southern neighbor, Mexico, was serene under the dictatorship of Diaz.

Surely we should never again need a mobile army to be sent over seas. This view was as universal in 1895 as it had been after the Civil War in 1866. Our

W.C.H.
SAGAMORE HILL.

Feb 3d 1917
P.M.

To the Secretary of War

Mrs.

In view of the breaking of relations with Germany I shall of course not go to Jamaica, and will hold myself in readiness for any message from you as to the division. I and my sons will of course go if volunteers are called for war against Germany. A telegram to either the Metropolis Magazine office in New York or Oyster Bay, Long Island, N.Y., will reach us, very rapidly,
Theodore Roosevelt,

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt offers his services to the Government. The photograph shows him as he appeared at the funeral, in the Summer of 1918, of John Purroy Mitchel, former Mayor of New York, who was killed while training to be an aviator



Theodore Roosevelt in fighting garb twenty years before the World War. From "The Rough Riders," by Theodore Roosevelt, by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

regular force of twenty-five thousand was scattered in detached posts in small units. They never maneuvered together or with the local National Guard, which was strictly state militia.

For over a year, with the Cuban revolution at our door marching toward a crisis, President McKinley refused to make any preparations. He saw them as a threat handicapping his efforts for a peaceful solution. His phrase was not "watchful waiting" but "watchful care." In face of the blowing up of the battleship Maine on a peaceful visit to Havana harbor which gave us the battle cry "Remember the Maine!" he would not act until a board reported whether the explosion was internal or external. Still he would avert war; but public indignation, which gave him his warrant, swept us into war.

Volunteers enthusiastically answered his call. The National Guard put itself at the nation's service. Detached regular units were hurried to camp at Tampa as the advance guard of the Cuban invasion. Scattered companies were being formed into battalions, and scattered battalions into regiments, and regiments into brigades, without any experience of team play. Railroad facilities were inadequate. There was no priority system about supplies.

In spite of our greater resources and the advanced facilities in transportation, the Santiago expedition in all its



Marshal Joffre and Ambassador Jusserand leaving the Washington Navy Yard after the arrival of the French Mission, which would intimate to the American authorities that France could use more than American money and American munitions

preparation for action and for facing a tropical campaign was astonishingly inferior to Scott's expedition to Mexico City in the Mexican War, and its health record, in a more scientific age, was disarmingly worse.

Directing our little army of twenty-five thousand before the Spanish War we had a Paymaster General who paid the troops, a Commissary General who bought the food supplies, a Quartermaster General who distributed the supplies, a general who was Chief of Ordnance, an Adjutant General, a Judge Advocate General, an Inspector General, a Surgeon General, and a general who was Chief of the Signal Corps. An officer appointed to one of the bureaus was practically detached permanently from service with troops. Each chief was king in his own world, skilful in government ways, often adept in the ingratiating art of politics, known personally to many Senators and Representatives, ever seeking more power for his kingdom. It was one of the veterans of this bureaucracy who remarked in 1898, "We had a perfectly good organization and everything running smoothly until this damned war came along and ruined it."

Most advantageously situated of all for influence was the Adjutant General. He kept the records, he knew all that was going on, he was the storehouse of information. There was also a Commanding General; there had always been one since the days of Washington. But each bureau chief was his own commanding general, dealing directly with the Secretary of War, and not really responsible to the nominal Commanding General who was, in the eyes of the country, responsible for the command of the Army.

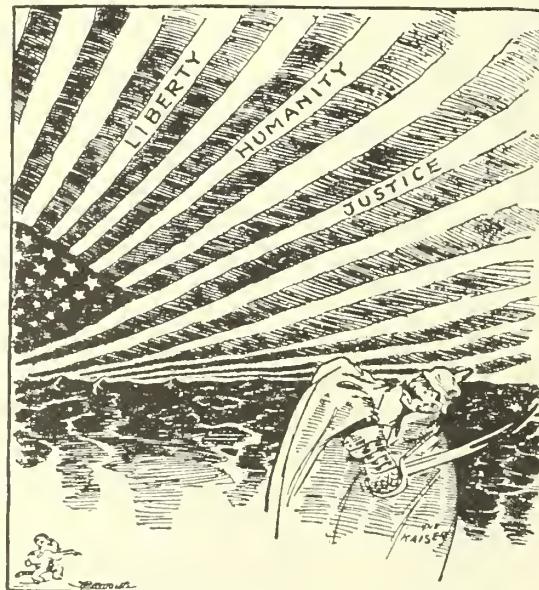
General Nelson A. Miles, the Commanding General in 1898, had nothing to do until he was sent at the head of the expedition to Porto Rico. Russell A. Alger, the Secretary of War, who was a soldier in the Civil War, put the power in the hands of the keeper of the records, a very able and energetic man, because "Corbin got things done," or what was done in spite of the bureau system.

By the grace of Providence, which seems to be the only way to account for the miracle, if we overlook Spanish shiftlessness, the regular infantry, aided by the Rough Riders and some of the Guard, took the defenses of Santiago at a time when lack of supplies, exhaustion and an epidemic of dysentery and malarial fever, with yellow fever threatening, had led some of the commanders in a council

of war to favor withdrawal of the troops from the plague-infested island.

Only the Regulars and Rough Riders had the new long-range smokeless powder magazine Krag rifles of modern range. The puffs of smoke from the old black powder Springfields revealed the location of each National Guardsman in the jungle as a helpless human target for the smokeless Spanish Mausers, which had more than double the range of the Springfields. Our black powder regular artillery was far outranged by the smokeless powder modern artillery of "backward Spain." Our Guard regiments, at the outset of the Philippine rebellion, were still using the old Springfield against the Mauser of the natives. Not until months afterward could we produce enough of the new Krags to arm them.

After the fall of Santiago, McKinley's successor as President and of the same party was guilty of a most embarrassing act to the Administration. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt of the Rough Riders was the leader in the dispatch of the famous round robin signed by him and a group of general officers. It stated that "this army disabled by malarial fever, its efficiency destroyed (after a few weeks' campaigning), is in a condition to be entirely destroyed by an epidemic of yellow fever . . . It must be moved to the northern seacoast of the United States or perish." And this breach of military secrecy came before peace negotiations with Spain when we anticipated an expedition against the main army of Cuban occupation for the taking



A fatal sunrise for the Kaiser. From the Portland Oregonian

of Havana. The memory of the "embalmed beef" scandal, the mortality from sickness in the unsanitary home camps often on unsanitary sites, often chosen in answer to political appeal, is still fresh to the older generation.



The Allied Missions at Mount Vernon. Secretary of State Lansing is escorting Arthur (later Lord) Balfour, head of the British Mission. Marshal Joffre is in the center, with Admiral Chocheprat at his left

After public indignation had made Secretary Alger a scapegoat of the war's mismanagement, President McKinley, in face of the Philippine crisis, was looking for real ability, whether it had political influence or not, when the prestige of his administration was at stake in the approaching Presidential election. Elihu Root, a leader of the New York Bar, took the case as Secretary of War; young Federal Judge William H. Taft took the case of the civil government in the Philippines. Root's analytical, legal mind soon learned how completely his client, who was now the United States, had been victimized by the very capable good intentions of the antiquated bureau system. Every other army in the world had a General Staff. The lack of one had led to the confusion in the Spanish War.

All of us who were in France had moments of ire against the Staff. When my own rose I recalled the War with Spain and such incidents as the dispatch of fur coats and arctics to the troops in the Philippines, and tropical helmets and summer khaki to our troops in Alaska, even after we had had a year in active service. I imagined all the bureaus unco-ordinated and in charge of two million men raised in a hurry, without receiving the supplies that had been provided for them, or their commanders having any information as to liaison with the battalions on the right and left, as they marched with rifles and artillery having half the range of the enemy's to the front in France "to find" the enemy.

An army without a General Staff is a human machine without its parts assembled. The amazing thing was that against the entrenched power of the bureau system Root was able to establish a General Staff along the lines of the European system, which was then considered militaristic, undemocratic, and un-American. On this achievement Root may rest his claim to his country's gratitude. Root also founded the Army War College and developed the Leavenworth Staff College. But it was a small Staff, pitifully small and inadequate for our next war. It is America's way to prepare for war after war and not before war. So our Regular Army had been increased and better armed after the War with Spain.

AS HE looked up from the dispatches from the Mexican border on his desk toward the Capitol in the spring of 1916, Baker's immediate concern was appropriations to pay the expenses of the mobilization for its patrols; his long view was to achieve, out of the many plans being aired on the floors of the Senate and House, some practical form of general preparedness.

The clash of mighty armies of Europe in the first week of August, 1914, brought no immediate public movement for American preparedness. The European powers being in conflict only seemed to strengthen the security of our isolation behind our ocean moat. Outside of professional army circles and the sympathetic views of German - American citizens, early victory for the superior numbers and resources of the Allies seemed certain.

Our concern was that citizens who were born in the lands at war, or retained their blood loyalty to the lands of their ancestors, should not revert to racial passions and animosities, thus transferring their enmity in controversy to our own soil. Neutrality was the first instinctive thought of the "melting pot" nation. Theodore Roosevelt on August 23, 1914, was calling in the *Outlook* on good citizens to say and do nothing which would in any way jeopardize the standing of the United States in face of the great nations of Europe now engaged in so terrible a struggle, or which would handicap our official representatives in any of their actions.

President Wilson wrote a few days after the World War began, to the Secretaries of War and the Navy:

"I write to suggest that you request and advise all officers of the service, whether active or retired, to refrain from public comment of any kind upon the military or political situation on the other side of the water. I would be obliged if you would let them know that the request had come from me. It seems to me highly unwise and improper that the officers of the (Continued on page 48)



"Remember, Germania, I am an eagle and not a crow!" From Campana de Gracia, Barcelona

STRANDED



Part Two

"One more crack like that," said Spike, "and I throw you off the job by hand!"

WHEN the thunder of the sliding mountain above the Rock River powerhouse had given place to silence, Spike Randall looked around him at the Rabble. Less than half of them were with him. "Highball!" he yelled. "Back to the job." To Jimmy the Ink at his side, "This is plain hell, kid! Some of the gang are buried in that slide!"

"Not in a thousand years. Look how that rock broke up. Lady Luck was ridin' on that avalanche. Not a carload of that busted mountain reached the back wall of the powerhouse . . .

What's that?"

A yowl of distress sounded four hundred feet away.

"It's the Tapper! He rode it out!"

The Tapper's ride on the crumbling mountain had cost him a broken arm and half of the clothes that he had started with. "Steady, you old buckaroo," Spike said to the injured man, strapping the broken arm to an impromptu splint. "Boy, I thought you were buried a mile deep in rock!"

"I was, once or twice, but I managed to come to the top both times. Did anybody get hurt?"

"You're the only casualty. Not a man except yourself. There'd have been a dozen of that concrete crew buried fifty feet

deep if it hadn't of been for your warning."

"Ouch! For the love of likker, go easy!"

"She'll be easy in a minute. The first is the worst. I'll get you out to a doctor by midnight."

"Not me you won't. There's too much work to do. Got no time for doctors. This arm will take care of itself—it's been busted three times before. You've got to move some yardage, Spike, or that slide puts this job into the red a mile."

"I know it. Don't let that worry you. I had it figured out five minutes ago."

"What's the lay?"

"Never mind. Go over to the shack and flop. What you need right now is to rest your bean and ride herd on that busted arm. Forget the job."

To Slim and the Hogger, outlining a quick scheme for removing the debris of the shattered mountain which lay along the line of what had been the penstock tunnels, "At daylight, get a crew and string out that ten-inch pipe down the hill from the lake." To another pair of pushers, "First thing tomorrow take a dozen men with you and hop down to that abandoned placer field below here and come back with one of those two hydraulic giants. Ten men ought to handle it. Bring it back and we'll try to sluice this loose junk into the river. We can move more of this dirt in a day with that old hydraulic rig than we could with half a dozen five-yard shovels. Hit the ball and let's get this mess cleaned up!"

"You goin' to tell the bank about this bad luck right away?"

"We're goin' to tell 'em before they find it out from anybody else. By the time the Loan Federal got this through the newspapers it'd sound like a million dollars' worth of grief. It sets us back ten grand, maybe fifteen. The bank better get the bad news direct from us."

News of the disaster brought not only a worried representative of the Loan Federal, but with him came three of the power company's men. Trailing along with the inspection party, apprehensive of what the accident might cost his bonding company in spite of the canceled surety bond, came J. Horn Engley. The delegation showed up on the job four days after the slide.

"It's not as bad as it looks," Spike Randall said to one of the power company engineers. "We'll have the water down through the ten-inch pipeline this afternoon, and that rotten rock will melt like sugar when the stream from that giant hits it. We'll have it sluiced down to grade, ready for the penstock crews, within a month."

"How are you going to explain things to the State when you begin sluicing all that debris into Rock River? There's been an ironclad law against that ever since Judge Sawyer did his stuff in 1883." J. Horn Engley took pleasure in his work.

Spike Randall looked at him steadily for a moment, and then, "That's your outfit's grief. If it comes to a showdown you'll have to explain why you let the first contractor on this job begin to shake those tunnels up with dynamite. You'd be a co-defendant with us in whatever suit might be brought. All you'd have to do is to explain that the mountain would have set there forever in spite of the shooting that was done when you had the contract bonded . . . Maybe we'd both better drop that subject—unless you want to stand all the losses that the slide cost."

J. Horn Engley lighted a cigar and looked out across Rock River and changed the subject. "This cuts into the velvet that you promised Miss Yorke, doesn't it?" he said to Spike Randall.

Then, quickly, "You can drop that, too!" Spike barked. "One more crack like that and I throw you off the job by hand. Innocent bystanders are welcome enough around here, but it's a rough country for skunks."

J. Horn Engley laughed briefly. "I don't blame you," he said. "I'd be dirty, too, if I were in your fix."

At this one of the engineers from the power company, sensing the situation, poured the oil of another problem on the troubled waters. "How soon will the job be ready for the turbine crews, Mr. Randall?" he asked Spike.

By HUGH WILEY

Illustrations by
Kenneth Fuller Camp

"We are taking delivery of the machinery on schedule."

"With an even break on the luck we'll be ready on contract time. If any more mountains start moving, maybe we'll never be ready."

"Your troubles are over from that source as far as I can see," the engineer returned, and then, glancing sideways at J. Horn Engley, "Keep a detailed account of what this accident has cost you. I think in equity the company should bear part of the loss. Keep your costs on it and we'll see what can be done."

"Those power company guys are good guys," Spike Randall informed Jimmy the Ink late that night when the inspection party had left. "Chances are they'll pay half the costs on that slide."

"White folks," Jimmy the Ink agreed.

"White folks, forty ways," Spike Randall repeated. "Most of these grasping corporations that get panned by the reformers are made up of white folks. Come on over and let's get a progress report on the Tapper's busted arm."

The Tapper's busted arm was well enough along the week before Christmas, when the Rock River country lay deep in snow, to enable him to run off a revised cost estimate. It was worse than he expected. "I'll sink it till Spike asks for it," he resolved. "No need to explode any bad news at a gay and festive time like this."

Christmas week was overloaded with hard work, and the work was not helped any by a snowfall that came out of gray skies the day before Christmas. "Colder than Billy Bunyan's big blue ox!" Jimmy the Ink observed after the snowfall, shivering his way along the high forms of the back wall of the powerhouse into which, in spite of the cold, the crew were pouring concrete.

"As long as she don't get any colder we're all right," Spike Randall answered. "What I'm afraid of is zero weather. It'll tie up this concrete if it comes. We can't heat that material on these thin walls. Another three days and they'll be in the clear.

Pray for rain."

"Tonight's Christmas Eve, Spike. You goin' to knock off early?"

"We'll work an hour later than usual to celebrate it. I want to get this wall up to the crane rail before we quit tonight. The first thing the machine crews will need is their crane. They'll be comin' along on top of us mighty pronto now."

Explaining the necessity for the Christmas Eve overtime, Spike was met with an old-fashioned chorus of groans.

"Can that stuff, Rabble," he advised. "Santy Claus is havin' a hard time of it as it is."

Long after sunset, when the dinner of beef and bread and

coffee had been eaten in silence, "Where's Rags and the Mule?" Jimmy the Ink called down the length of the bunk shack. "Roust out, you birds, and see if you can't start some vood-ville. Hand Rags his banjo! I feel sad and forlorn."

The whoopee died in the bud after thirty minutes of hollow mockery. Finally, "Never mind the guard!" somebody yelled. "Me for the hay, and to hell with this stuff. I'll meet you at a May Day festival, but right now—Good Night!"

The speaker's example was followed by most of the Rabble crew. At ten o'clock the personnel of the Rock River job was

snoring at will, singly, collectively and with variations, save for a trio clustered around a lantern in one corner of the bunkhouse.

Spike Randall was having some bad news broken to him by the Tapper. "Briefly," the Tapper summarized, "the net costs to date eat us up."

The bearer of bad news was interrupted by a roar that came from the far end of the flimsy structure wherein the Rabble Shoveliers lay sleeping. "Holy gosh, git a bucket of water! Blackie's bed is on fire!"

"Fire!" somebody yelled. By the time the Rabble Shoveliers were out of their bunks the announcement was no longer necessary.

"He went to sleep with his pipe lit again, gosh blast him! Git some water, you birds!"

Spike Randall sized up the situation in an instant. "Never mind the water. Grab your junk and get out of here! Get out! The fire's gone up the tar paper on the outside. She's all set for cinders." At the top of his voice, "All out!" he ordered. Then a wave of smoke, laden with gases from the combustion of burning tar paper, rolled down the interior of the shack.

"Come along, Ink," he ordered. "Rouse 'em out of the left-hand bunks and I'll take the other side. They're soggy with sleep. Slap 'em awake and run 'em out. Take the books out, Tapper. Git 'em into the cement shed. It's the only dry place on the job."

At midnight, when the tolling bells of distant cities ushered in Christmas morning, the bunkhouse of the Rabble Shoveliers was a blackened pile of smouldering cinders in a waste of snow.

In the sanctuary of the cement shed Spike and Jimmy the Ink and the Tapper turned their attention again to the interrupted analysis of the construction costs. "We'll have to revise the figures to cover the loss of the bunkhouse. That won't mean much, but leaving that out, the net bonus per man to date amounts to thirty cents."

"Seven months' work at dog-robbers' pay and not a dollar to show for it!" Jimmy the Ink groaned with bitterness in his voice.

The Tapper looked up from the cost estimate that lay in the yellow light of a coal-oil lantern. "Never mind no grousing, kid," he said. "You been eatin' regular, haven't you? And up to now you've been bedded down warm and dry every night."

"I was only foolin'," Jimmy the Ink amended. "Thirty cents is a hell of a lot of money. It's more than I started with," he said, looking sideways at Spike.

For the moment Spike Randall indulged in a laugh that held nothing of mirth. "At this rate, by the time the merry springtime gets here," he said sourly, "there'll be ironclad mortgages on our left hind legs."

"Simple enough to figure it," Jimmy the Ink returned. "If we make thirty cents in seven months, what time do we go bust?"

"Maybe we won't go bust," the Tapper answered with some cryptic meaning in his voice.

"What do you mean?" the Ink asked quickly.



"That makes it easier," he said. "I wanted to sign a couple of new

"Never mind what I mean. Lady Luck is riding on this job. She rode with me on that landslide, and she'll probably see us through to the finish. Get to sleep, Ink. It wouldn't hurt you any to get some sleep, Spike."

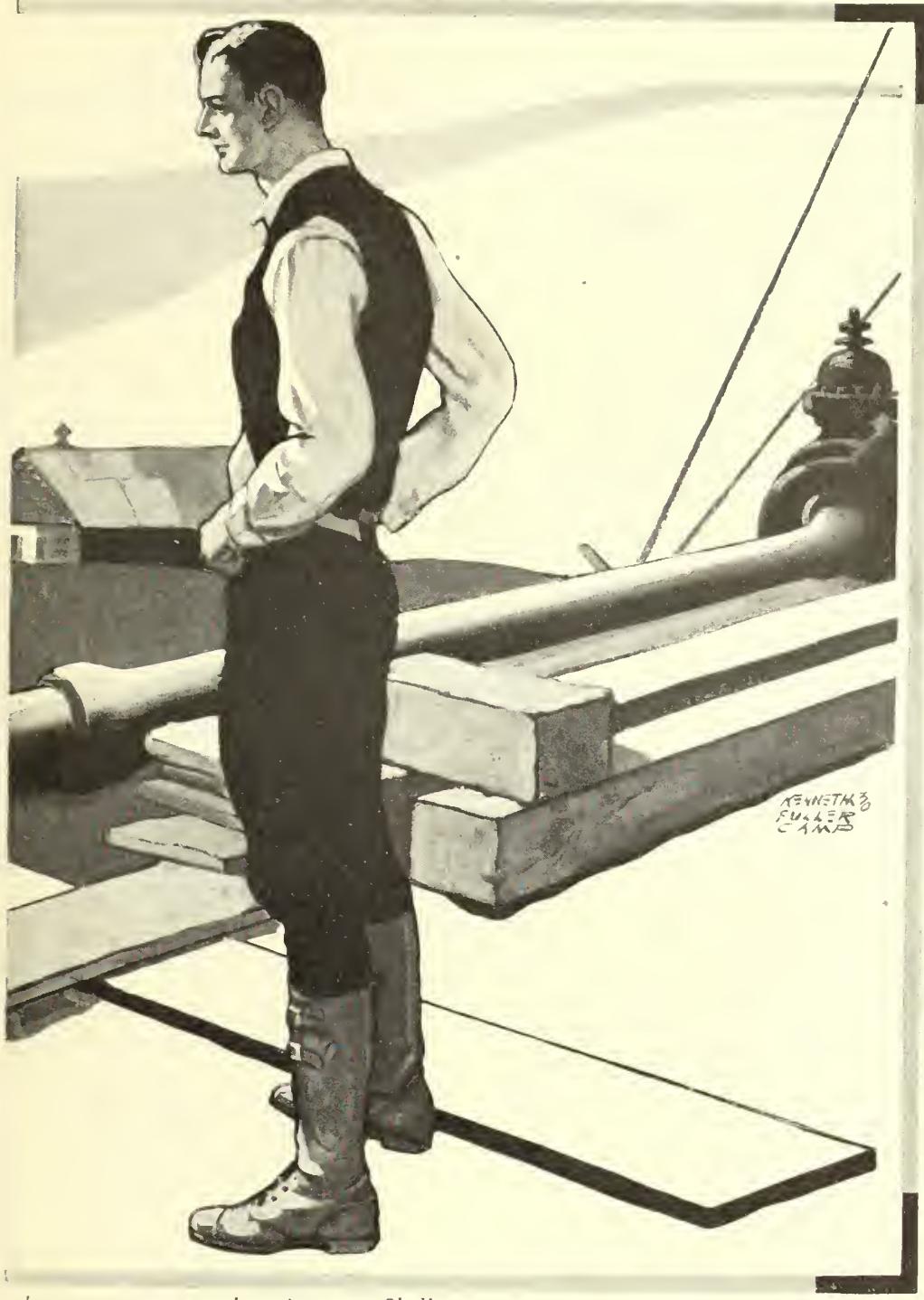
"The same to you. Hand me one of those blankets."

Five minutes later, curled up on a store of empty cement sacks, the trio were asleep.

Next morning, "Merry Christmas!" Spike said to the Shoveler in charge of the carpenter gang. "The first thing you do, Blackie, is to get some of that form lumber hammered into bunks."

"What about buildin' a bunkhouse first?"

"From now on till we finish the job we sleep in the powerhouse. You can throw a couple of temporary partitions down that west wall. Get a couple of tin stoves and dry things out a little bit. It'll do us good to sleep in a concrete mansion that can't burn, safe from any crazy mountains that decide to topple over on us. The machinery crews won't be here for a while yet. In the meantime we'll sleep on the job. Tell Shorty to start his cookshack at the far end of the generator room. That'll be a fancier layout



ask you to marry me a long time ago. Shall we contracts—together?"

than he's cooked in since he got run out of the duke's chateau in sunkist France. Get her rigged up by tonight—we don't want to lose more than a day on account of a lousy fire."

"You goin' to tell the gang how much money they haven't made?" Jimmy the Ink asked Spike later in the day, thinking of the thirty-cent net profit that had come to each member of the crew, according to the Tapper's estimate, as a result of seven months' hard work.

"Tell 'em nothing yet. Keep it under your hat. I've got a hunch the Tapper is right when he says that Lady Luck is riding with us on this job."

"Maybe Lady Luck is ridin' with us, but Santa Claus is a hell of a long ways from here. For a so-called Merry Christmas this is the—who's that comin' down the trail?"

The speaker interrupted himself and pointed to a group of four figures who were walking down the rough trail from the road that ran along the ridge above Rock River.

"One of 'em's a woman. I never saw such gaudy clothes in all my life. Look at those heavyweights in the mackinaw coats.

Couple of 'em look like Santa Claus. You don't suppose Jane Yorke—"

"Yep. That's who it is. O-tenshun, wild man. Prepare to meet your commanding general!"

"What a hell of a time for her to show up!" Then, to the approaching party, now perhaps a hundred yards away, "Merry Christmas!" Spike yelled, resenting the male replies to his yell which drowned the girl's voice.

One of the three men with Jane Yorke was the driver of the automobile which had brought the party in from the nearest railway station. The other two men had evidently been hired as packers, because they were bowed low under a bulging cargo of gifts for the Rabble Shoveliers.

"I can only stay half an hour. I'm catching the Overland back to San Francisco," Jane Yorke said to Spike Randall. "I brought some Christmas presents for you and the crew."

Sizing up their Christmas presents, "Damn if it ain't just like that first winter in France when we found the Red Cross gold mine!" one of Rabble crew exclaimed. "Boy, feel the weight of that sweater!"

"How come all this welfare?"

"Search me. The gal brought it and she ain't wearin' no 'Y' uniform."

"She must be rich. I bet this Christmas layout cost her a thousand dollars."

"Boy, she's some looker, I'll say that."

"Bokoo jolie, I'll tell the cockeyed world! One like her and seventeen plain ones would make me homesick for the Uplifters' huts in Sunny France."

"What the hell—she ain't leavin' already, is she?"

Jane Yorke was leaving the job after a twenty-minute visit. "It's perfectly terrible about your camp burning up," she said to Spike and Jimmy the Ink. Then, to the Tapper, "Are you sure your arm is all right?" With another volley of questions that came too fast for answers, "Mr. King, the general manager of the power company, has promised to bring me up here again in March. I have a ten-day vacation then."

"Spend all of it here," Spike said impulsively. "It won't be so cold then, and I'll have a cabin built for you if you'll stay."

"No promises about staying, but I'll be here with Mr. King."

"I wish you'd stay forever," was what Spike Randall thought. "We'll have this job wound up by that time," he said. "You come out here with Mr. King and if we can find a bottle of champagne we'll launch the powerhouse into the clutches of the electrical men and the machinery crews. If everything goes right we clean-up on the contract about the middle of March."

Thereafter for several weeks it seemed to Spike Randall that everything went wrong. A period of zero weather shut down the concrete work. An epidemic of flu hit the Rabble outfit and put eighty percent of them out of business for ten days. "Just like the first winter in France," Spike said to Jimmy the Ink one night when the flu bugs were at their worst. (Continued on page 42)

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

There's Lots in a Name



THE map of the United States is studded with the names of men who have done well by their country. When geography reinforces history, the result is as nearly immortality as can be guaranteed in a changing world. Ur is still Ur in the Chaldean waste, even though it is now merely a mound of ruins where patient archaeologists unearth and piece together the materials of a bygone civilization. In the same way Washington may still be Washington long after its walls have fallen, and the thirty Franklin post-offices and twenty-four Franklin counties in America will carry the name and fame of the author of Poor Richard down to the last generation of literate Americans.

Hero place-names in a new country are an index of a nation's respect and affection, tributes fixed by common consent of the few who are in at the birth of the community. No doubt most of these names were bestowed casually—by pioneers in town meetings, by crossroads merchants who wanted post-offices, by land agents who needed to distinguish what they wanted to sell, by surveyors who had to put something definite on their maps. The repetition of certain names is all the more meaningful for the reason that they were chosen instinctively by a wide variety of persons. How the fathers stood in the estimation of the pioneers may be seen at a glance in the following table.

Name	Postoffices	Counties	Rating as
	Same Name	Derivatives	Weighed
Washington	28	12	132
Franklin	30	21	129
Jefferson	20	18	110
Jackson	18	28	110
Lincoln	24	16	110
Madison	26	13	105
Monroe	23	10	84
Warren	23	13	79
Clinton	27	9	77
Randolph	20	2	76
Allen	26	3	73
Marion	27	5	73
Perry	17	20	72
Adams	14	20	72

Then follow Clark, Hamilton, Clay, Marshall, Harrison, Lafayette, Lee and Columbus.

In this list, double weight has been given to place-names which are precisely the same as those of the founders, while derivatives of those names count only singly, for the reason that the former are more

apt to represent the historic personage. It is certain that many of the derivatives were named for less noted persons of the same name. Where a man gave his name to a settlement either modesty or a desire to appear modest to his neighbors, would tend to make him add "town" or "ville" or "burg" to his surname; but no such restraint would attend the use of a national hero's name.

Smith, Brown and Jones seldom appear on the map in unadulterated form. It would seem to have been considered bad taste for a community to bear the precise name of a man little known to fame, but good taste to use a derivative of his name. If a Smith, Brown or Jones had been one of the first eight Presidents, those names would have been used more freely despite their brevity. Even so it is a little odd that, with John Paul Jones to their credit, the Joneses do not bulk larger on the map. All in all, it seems reasonable to accord a derivative only half the weight of a name which stands alone.

No great metropolis appears in this list except the capital of the country. Many of the larger cities were founded before the Union. New York, Philadelphia and Boston were named by Englishmen; Detroit, St. Louis and New Orleans by Frenchmen; San Francisco and Los Angeles by Spaniards. Chicago is of Indian origin, said by the satirical to stem from the aborigine's name for skunk, while Buffalo seems to be an adaptation of the French Le Boeuf. Cleveland follows from Moses Cleaveland, who founded the city in 1796. Louisville is pure French. Latin furnishes Cincinnati and Greek enters into such names as Minneapolis and Indianapolis. The classical influence appears most in New York State, where one finds Athens, Troy, Carthage, Rome, Ilion, Syracuse, Utica and Palmyra.

Of the seven leaders in the list six were Presidents, and the seventh—Franklin—was the elder statesman of the Revolution, with perhaps an early advantage in place-naming by reason of his being Postmaster General of the Colonies. Well down the line comes Adams, the name borne by two of the first six Presidents and many other notables. Adams is surpassed by Clinton, also a two-generation family name of importance in our early history, but no Clinton made the Presidency, though two of them—Governor George Clinton of New York and his nephew, Dewitt, of Erie Canal fame—came close to that honor. A possible explanation is that the Adamses were intellectuals with Federalist connections which caused them to be rated as aristocrats by the frontiersmen who were dividing and naming the countryside as they moved westward. The Clintons,



AMONG THE UNEMPLOYED

more democratic both in politics and manner, appealed to the frontier type, and Dewitt Clinton's "Big Ditch" made him justly popular in the West. Until recently there were as many Clinton post-offices in America as there were Washingtons, one Clinton having been dropped from the postoffice list.

The strong nationalist feeling of our place-names is reflected in the relatively low ratings of Columbus, discoverer of the new world, and Lee, the hero of the Confederacy. Although there are two distinguished branches of the Lee family in America, one in Virginia and one in Massachusetts, and several men bearing that name have distinguished themselves in military history, Lee is less than half as common on the map as the name of the Illinois rail-splitter. Old Abe, of course, had a little help from General Benjamin Lincoln, who commanded Massachusetts troops in the Revolution and put down Shays's rebellion.

The list reflects the reward of a bygone day for certain stalwarts of old who are less remembered today—Joseph Warren, the physician who died at Bunker Hill; the Randolphs of Virginia; Ethan Allen, the rugged Green Mountain boy of Ticonderoga fame; Francis Marion, the bold Carolina cavalryman; and "Don't-give-up the ship" Perry of Put-in-Bay glory. These eclipsed in popularity the mighty Hamilton; but Hamilton's chief in field and office, George Washington, leads all the rest. The Father of Our Country rates both the largest city on the list and the largest following of county names, and he is second only to Franklin in postoffices.

These names are indelibly and forever part of America. They are written into its title deeds, as well as graven on its memory. Around each of them has grown a multitude of cherished associations and community loyalties. Fortunate are those localities in having so direct a heritage from the storied past.



MAN

*By Horace Eddy
Illustrations by*

THAT baby of yours has a life probability thirteen years greater than you had when you were born, thirty-five to forty years ago. I realize that there are Legionnaires older and younger than that, but the average lies somewhere under forty.

When you first saw daylight the chances were that you would live to be forty-five or forty-six. Those were your chances when you opened your eyes. They are better now. You were one of the hardy ones; either that or your parents and the family doctor knew their business better than most parents and doctors of the day. You have survived a great number of your cradle contemporaries, and are in no great danger of shuffling off now within the next five or ten years. In point of fact it looks as if you would live to be sixty-eight or sixty-nine, for the present expectation of life of a man of thirty is 35.6 years and of a man of forty 27.5 years. That of women is about two years more in each case, thus raising the average for all persons.

Right now your baby is better off by some thirteen years than you were at his age. His expectancy of life is about fifty-eight years against forty-odd when you were born. But what his chances will be when he is thirty-five or forty is something no one can say. It may be that they will be better than yours are now, but unless the present trend changes they will not be as good.

Something is happening now that has not happened before as long as reliable statistics on expectation of life have been kept: the span of life-expectancy for adults is decreasing, and rather sharply.

Generation after generation, as far back as the records go this span increased up to 1920. In 1790 a resident of Massachusetts or New Hampshire (the only States in America of which we have record) who was thirty years old might normally expect to live thirty years more. In 1860 figures were more dependable and more complete; then a man of thirty had reasonably assured to him 34.5 additional years. Thereafter the increase is gradual but persevering up to 1920 when the figure was 37.1 years. But in 1928, the year for which the latest figures are tabulated, it had fallen to 35.6, losing in eight years what had been gained in the preceding twenty.

Thus we are confronted by a sobering state of affairs. With infant mortality cut in about half, with all that modern medicine, surgery, dentistry, dietetics, sanitation and advancement in every field has done, a man or woman of today is older for his

years and nearer the end of his rope than was a man or woman of only ten years ago.

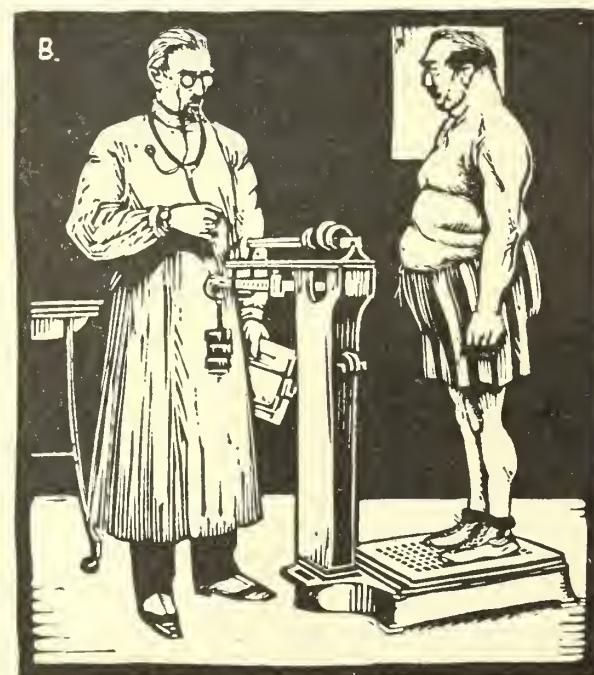
What are the causes of this and what the remedy?

There is one cause that has its root in the nature of the individuals affected. In other days it was largely a case of the survival of the fittest babies. Now most babies grow to manhood. Then the safeguards that surround them are to a certain extent withdrawn. They are on their own in a fiercely competitive world which sooner or later finishes off the best of us. They are apt not to stand the same strain as long as those endowed by nature with harder constitutions. Yet they may outlive the average as in the case of Theodore Roosevelt, a sickly child who by guarding his health in youth and in maturity became a precursor of the "strenuous life."

The other cause is the increased wear and tear of this strenuous life which is leaving its mark on the toughest of human specimens. The business man with the dictaphone, the telephone, a high-gearred office organization and the airplane at his command gets more done in a day than his father did, but he burns up more vitality doing it. Yesterday I saw fifty-three patients at my office and on calls. I practice in the country, save for a day a week in New York City. In the horse-and-buggy days a doctor would have been the best part of a week covering the territory I covered yesterday in a car. I feel the strain, but take the measures in the way of rest and recreation necessary for my particular physical and nervous makeup to relieve it.

That is what everyone should do, but what too few are doing intelligently.

When I made some such general statement as this to a patient not long ago he came back with the assertion that never did Americans have more leisure. Working hours are shorter than ever before, vacations longer. Never were sports so well attended or so widely participated in. He quoted figures on tennis and golf. He enumerated the new country clubs, not the old ones but the new ones, mind you,



that have been established within ten miles of my house within the past ten years. He named the playgrounds and parks available to those who cannot afford or do not care for country clubs. He went into the home and listed the labor saving devices there—the mechanical refrigerator, automatic furnace and so on. Nearly everyone, he said, has an automobile and a radio, both factors in recreation calculated to make life more enjoyable.

ALIVE

Robinson, M.D.
Lowell L. Balcom

Now, my friend made a mistake that many people make. He confused diversification of activity with rest. These time saving appliances at home and in business seem to save us time for almost everything except what we most need, namely, rest and sleep. The average man of forty, and many who are younger, needs rest more than he needs exercise or diversions that keep him from getting enough sleep to return to his tasks really refreshed in the morning.

Some years back I used to take breakfast on Sundays at the home of a very rich man. He was a typically American conqueror who had fought his way from a mechanic's bench to a position of dominance in a great industry. His standing Sunday breakfast invitation was his method of seeing the doctor. It saved time. Another time-saving device was a special telephone at his elbow by which direct connection could be had with some of his subordinates. I have known the meal to be interrupted for thirty minutes while he talked with one of his lieutenants. Then he would spare time to talk to me and to listen to what I had to say. Our personal relations became very cordial. He said this was because I was the only person who had ever called him a liar and got away with it. This happened one morning when I asked him if he had been carrying out my directions. He said that he had.

"You're a damn liar," I said rather casually, but just the same for a minute I thought he was coming across the table at me.

This man had been a tough one in his young days. He had worked hard enough to kill a half dozen men. Now he had a family, money, position, power. He was just past fifty and thought he would slack off some. He took longer vacations, played golf, rode and gave weekend parties at his country home. But there was little real slacking off in these activities. He went at them too hard, and the weakest link began to give. This was his heart.

I told him what the situation was: that the activities with which he crowded his free time were putting about as much strain on his heart as the work at the office. My advice was to devote more time to genuine relaxation and to sleep. This he found hard to do at first, as anyone who has been so active is bound to. But he began to learn and I told him that if he would keep up the good work he would live forever, but that every time he broke over he was taking his life in his hands.



He was, however, just about half-convinced of what I had to say, and one time, after a particularly fatiguing stretch at the office, he broke training and died of over-exertion at play.

It is the weak link that invariably cracks, and in the face of the present stresses of living the main weak links have proven to be the heart, the kidneys, the arteries and the nervous system. Afflictions of these organs and cancer are on the increase. How material this increase is may be judged by the fact that the adult span of life has declined two years in the past ten in face of the fact that tuberculosis is in hand and typhoid fever and small pox, which once decimated countrysides, have been practically eliminated. List the number of your acquaintances who have been operated on for appendicitis. Forty years ago many of them would have died of "inflammation of the bowels."

In the reduction of these and other ills medical science had enjoyed the co-operation of the people, who have altered their habits of life and taken the preventative steps suggested. It must be the same in dealing with the heart diseases, chronic nephritis, arterio sclerosis, cerebral hemorrhage and nervous disorders of today.

These ailments can be avoided to the same extent, or more, that they were avoided forty years ago. Once contracted, all of them yield to treatment. It should be no more difficult to suppress them than it was to suppress small pox and typhoid. I think that they will be suppressed. It will be a case of live and learn. The medical profession must continue to advance and the mass of the people must meet the doctors half way. In certain important particulars they are not doing this now.

I do not know whether the span of adult life will continue to shrink during the coming ten years as it has shrunk in the past ten, but I do know that it is within our power to arrest it and sooner or later surely this will be done. Perhaps the fact that the past decade was the one following the war may have had something to do with it. The reaction from that unprecedented upset produced a condition at times approaching mass hysteria, a state of affairs definitely calculated to further the degenerative type of disease which constitutes the medical phase of our present problem.

When I say that to put our bodies in shape to cope with the present pressure of existence we must alter our habits of life, that may seem to some another of those (Continued on page 40)



FIRST AID TO

By
Anthony F.
Moitoret

HEY, soldier! You can't stand there!" Les Hicks paused in his spading of a rose bed and glanced around with a smile of recognition.

"Well, well, the Admiral himself! How are you, Bill?"

Les Hicks advanced in the warm sunshine of a California Sunday morning in spring to greet the arrival.

"Fine, Les," said Bill Brown, who eleven years earlier had had the honor of helping Uncle Sam's Navy return Les Hicks, veteran of the Argonne, to the home shores.

"Always said I'd look you up if ever I got to California," he added, "and here I am. But what's the big idea of the sword beaten into a plowshare—or do you happen to be the gardener for this domain?"

"This is the Hicks estate," returned Les, "and I'm not only the gardener, but the lord and master of the manor as well."

"Some shack," commented Brown, his eyes appraising the comely lines of the modified Norman cottage fronting the lawn and the trim flower beds. "Looks like you had a good hunch in the stock market."

"The stock market had nothing to do with this," said the man with the hoe. "I went back to the old job after my discharge from the Army and although I'm a few rungs up the ladder, I'm still there and glad to be. All my fortune is tied up in this little place here and the car in the garage."

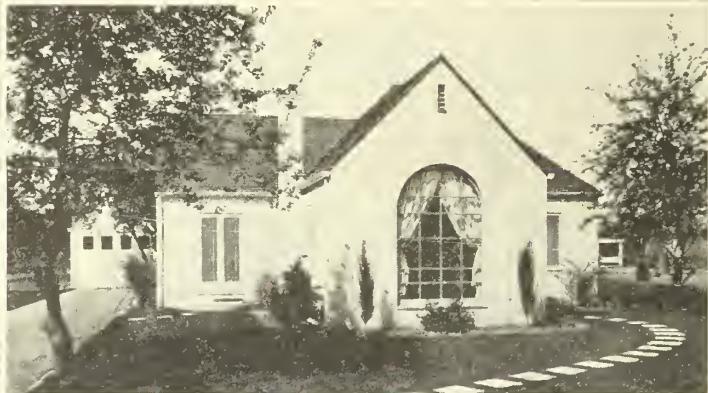
"But say, when you pulled that old gag about my not being able to stand here, you were away off, sailor, because not only can I stand here, but I can dig here and hammer a nail here or do anything else I want to, because this is mine and the State of California says so."

"What's the State of California got to do with it?"

"Well, before I tell you, just get an eyeful of a big piece of California that goes with this place in the shape of what the real estate men call a marine view," motioning toward the shimmering blue of San Francisco Bay and the dim grey lines of San Francisco skyscrapers beyond.

"You sure get the view from these Oakland hills," agreed Brown. "Don't wonder you're keen about the location."

"Well, Mrs. Hicks and I picked it out and the State said O. K. This is the State of California's grateful acknowledgment of the



Seventy-five hundred California World War veterans have taken advantage of the State's home-ownership plan. Here is the residence of Frank C. Webb at Hanford, known on the books as Contract 2470

valiant deeds and faithful service overseas of Private Leslie Hicks, late of the A. E. F."

"You don't mean to say you fooled the State of California into buying you a home on the basis of those wild stories you tried to tell us on the transport coming back?"

"Didn't have to fool anybody to get this," said Hicks. "Just being a veteran from California was enough. But come on in and meet the wife and kids and see the inside of the place, and then I'll show you the vegetable garden and the fruit trees."

What Les Hicks told his friend from the Navy as to the why and how of his home ownership is the story any one of 7,500 other California home owners would be able to tell war comrades from other States. It is the story of California's plan of bringing her sons back to the farm and home—and keeping them there—after they'd seen Paree. It is the story of a wise solution to one phase of the post-war rehabilitation problem and of an investment of public credit in the fortunes of former service men that is returning lasting dividends in good citizenship.

California, like other States, was ready to acknowledge its debt to

those who had served the colors when they came back in 1919. The bonus plan, adopted by some States, made no great headway in California, even among the veterans. Perhaps it failed to gather any real momentum because hasty legislation was automatically beyond reach. The California Legislature meets in the odd numbered years and the session of 1919 was drawing to a close before the men started arriving home. By the time the 1921 session of the Legislature convened, the veterans had thought it over and had a plan. It is that plan, the veterans' own, which is in operation today and which is working so well that California is preparing to approve another \$20,000,000 bond issue in November to bring its total credit investment



Home of Arthur D. Collins at Fresno

HOME SEEKERS



Home of Harold W. Best at Sacramento. If California voters approve a new \$20,000,000 bond issue in November the State's total credit investment in war veterans will reach \$50,000,000

in war veterans up to the highly respectable total of \$50,000,000.

"The most far-sighted piece of veteran legislation enacted by any State," Past National Commander John R. Quinn of The American Legion says of California's veterans' farm and home purchase act of 1921, with whose administration he has been associated from the beginning, with the exception of his year as National Commander. "By this legislation, the State of California acknowledges the war service of the veteran by helping the veteran to help himself. It is self-sustained, free from any element of charity, and accomplishes the two-fold objective of adequately expressing appreciation for war service while building substantial, law-abiding, home-owning citizenship."

Quinn until recently was chairman of the Veterans Welfare Board, which administers the act, and saw the total of funds expended reach the \$30,000,000 mark without the cost of a penny to the State of California, and the number of veterans started on the road to home ownership reach 7,500, of whom 7,200 are buying homes and 300 acquiring farms.

"A family that owns its home takes pride in it, gets more pleasure out of it, and has a more wholesome, healthful and happy atmosphere in which to bring up children," said President Hoover. "The home owner has a constructive aim in life. Above all, the love of home is one of the finest instincts and the greatest of inspirations of our people."

History offers many examples of efforts to reward the soldier by giving him land and thus developing the home-loving instinct. The practice goes back to Roman times, and in this country land grants to soldiers returning to civil life began with the close of the Revolutionary War. Grants of public lands to Union soldiers by the Government after the Civil War were one of the big factors in the development of the West.



Home of Benjamin S. Parker at San Marino

California's plan, therefore, had ample precedent, but not in the method. Land grants were all right in their day, when there were vast stretches of unsettled country to be parceled out. But the rehabilitation of World War veterans in California did not require a state gift. It did require what might be termed a state lift, to enable them to catch up with the stride of a fast-moving commonwealth from which they had been absent for two years.

The State gave that lift, but in the shape of credit, which today is recognized as being virtually a second medium of exchange. The State of California has given to the 7,500 veterans who have already made use of the veterans' farm and home purchase act not land, nor cash, but only the aid of its credit. With its credit it has endorsed the character of the veteran home and farm purchaser. That is the essence of the plan.

Going back to 1921, The American Legion had already taken up the problem of rehabilitation as one of its first tasks. The California Department of the Legion acted as a clearing house for ideas and what should be done for the veteran. Its Legislative Committee of 1920-21 weighed the various proposals and evolved the framework of the bill submitted to the 1921 session of the Legislature. The State's lawmakers passed the bill, pledging the State's credit for the purchase of farms and homes by veterans with money borrowed from a fund to be raised by a state bond issue. Governor William D. Stephens signed the bill on May 30, 1921, and the pen with which he affixed his signature before a group of veteran leaders is a treasured memento in California Department Headquarters of the Legion in San Francisco.

The Legislature had appropriated \$2,000,000 to begin operations under the act, although the first bond issue, for \$10,000,000,

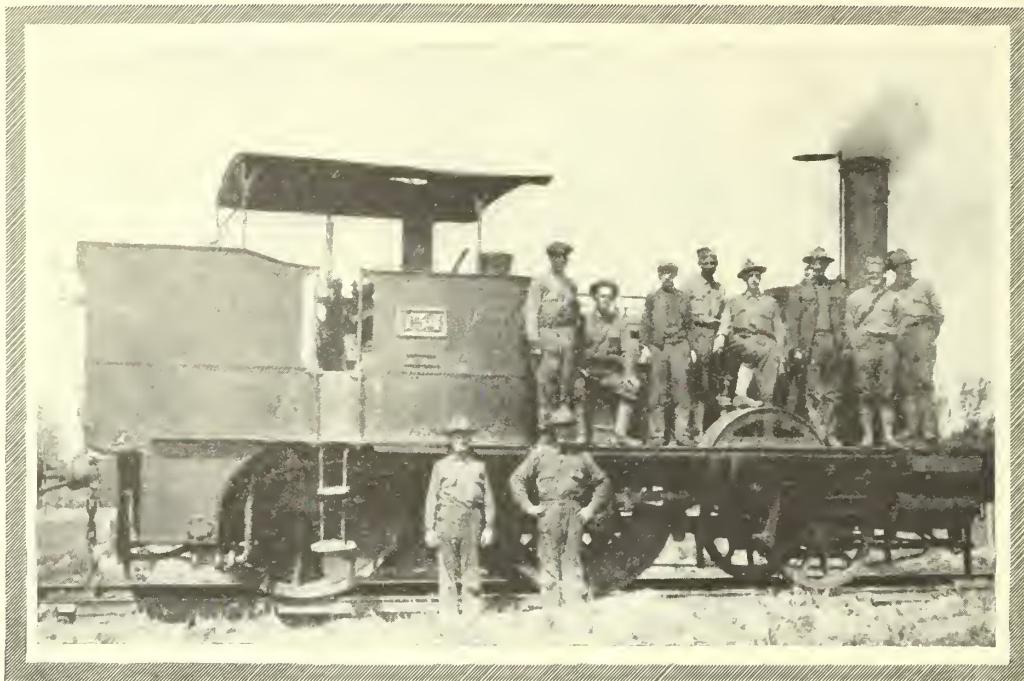
would not be submitted to the voters until November of the following year. Of this appropriation, \$1,000,000 was for the purchase of farms and homes and the remainder for the development of a farm colonization project which, after careful study, it was decided not to undertake.

The first Veterans Welfare Board to administer the act was appointed by Governor Stephens, who had lost a son-in-law in the war, and its members immediately went

to work. By June of the following year the first home financed under the plan was in the possession of a veteran. He was a disabled Los Angeles resident and he was carried into his home on a stretcher. Disabled veterans were given precedence over all others in the administration of the act, and about 15 percent of all applications for loans have been from disabled men. All of these cases have been acted upon by the board.

The new law did not have smooth sailing. Only the vision and sound business judgment of the original board carried the plan successfully through its pioneer stage. For one thing, the act itself faced attack as class legislation, and the litigation that followed went to the State Supreme (Continued on page 64)

THEN and NOW



Enlisted at the age of fifty, Belgian locomotive Cent-trente-quatre, pictured above, served its gallant crew of American engineers until, as Art Blake explains, it just fell to pieces like the one-hoss shay. Company A, 18th Engineers, was the outfit

RAILROADING in the A. E. F. must have been quite some feat, until American equipment began to make its appearance. Exhibit "A"—the engine and its crew pictured above—is supported by this testimony of Legionnaire Art Blake of Berkeley, California:

"The old teapot, 'Cent-trente-quatre' or No. 134, was used by a detachment of A Company, 18th Engineers, Railway, during the construction of the Chemin de Fer Merignac a Beau Desert, a short line built from the Bordeaux Belt Line to the Beau Desert Hospital.

"The gang posed on the locomotive completed an all-round job. We did the topography, preliminary and location survey, bossed the construction, operated the work train, and the first hospital and supply trains until relieved by a regular crew.

"The old kettle did nobly until we over-worked her with too heavy a drag one day. The guts of the boiler just fell to pieces like the one-hoss shay. It was then replaced with one of the Belgian switch engines so well known to the 'rails' of the A. E. F. Having a small water tank, we carried a hand pump and filled up old 134 from streams we crossed. The engine was between forty and fifty years old.

"The gang in the picture, from left to right are: On the ground, Joe Murphy and Baron Long; on the engine, Reagan, Art Blake, Papa Lartigue (representing the French government railway), Frank Carlson, Dan Talt, Wilder Manning, Bill Rawlins, Charlie Pratt. Where are they now?"

WITHOUT wanting to bring down the wrath of Californians upon our head, we are forced to admit that it must be the Florida climate which accounts for the long life and health of "Bud," the newest member of our Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War, whose picture appears on this page. His master, Legionnaire A. C. Slattery of Coral

Gables, Florida, sent us a lengthy story about Bud from which we glean these salient features of the dog-veteran's Army career:

In Clarksville, Tennessee, in 1918, Slattery loaded a nursing puppy into a baggage car and escorted him to Camp Gordon, Georgia. There he enlisted the pup—much against the latter's wishes—in Machine Gun Company, 325th Infantry, 82d Division. Christened with the hefty monicker of "Tennessee," the name was soon changed to "Buddy," which in turn was shortened to "Bud," to which he now answers.

Bud claims the distinction of being the only dog mascot who was American-born, served an overseas hitch, returned to his native land after the war and is now official mascot of a Legion department—that of Florida. His canine scrapbook contains a citation, two service chevrons, a pass to Paris, wound chevrons, a cootie clearance slip and an honorable discharge.

Although past his twelfth birthday, Bud is still hale and hearty, appears in all Legion parades and in addition to being Legion mascot, has been appointed to the same post of honor by the 40 and 8.

Member No. 1 in our Association of Surviving Mascots, Mlle. Verdun, the mule born in France who was a life-long member of the 15th Field Artillery, has gone west. She passed away at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, early this year. The ranks of survivors are dwindling, as Jim O'Boyle, the monkey mascot of the U. S. S. Coamo is also no more and some time ago we reported the death of Captain Nuts, dog mascot of the 18th Field Artillery.



Presenting "Bud," one of the long-lived World War mascots. A. C. Slattery sponsors him

LEGIONNAIRE H. BERKLAND of Chicago sends us with the picture of the Siberian outpost on the opposite page, an account which he aptly titles, "Soldiering in the Zero Zone." Space permits us to reproduce only extracts from it:

"A little more news about the doughboys who served in Siberia.



Nissen huts, wooden barracks or French stables would have seemed heaven to these men of the 27th Infantry who served in Siberia in 'way-below-zero weather. The picture shows an outpost on a branch of the Trans-Siberian Railroad near Khaborsk, 1,100 miles from Vladivostok

I was a private in Company C, 27th Infantry, from September 12, 1918, to September 6, 1919, and I can say that where we were for a year was no playground.

"We were sent from the States on the transport *Logan* which took twenty-eight days from San Francisco and when landed we were split up between the 31st and 27th Infantry Regiments. We who were slated for the 27th were packed into small freight cars and traveled for seventeen days to Khaborsk, about 1,100 miles from Vladivostok, on a branch of the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

"In the early part of November, 1918, we were sent back to Spaskol, Siberia, and didn't hear about the Armistice until about Thanksgiving Day. But it seems the Armistice didn't mean anything there as in May, 1919, we got word of Americans being killed near Vladivostok and things started to get lively. Bridges were being blown up, railroad tracks torn out, wires cut and there was quite a bit of sniping for five weeks.

"There was always trouble in the air. If it wasn't the Reds, it was clashes between troops of Kerensky, Kolchak, Semenoff, Wrangel or some other leader.

"We left Vladivostok September 6, 1919, returning by way of Nagasaki, Japan, Guam, and the Philippines to the Hawaiian Islands—thirty-one days without getting off to stretch—and then an additional eight days to the good old States."

FROM an interesting address, Longmire Springs, Mount Rainier National Park, Washington, a letter came from an ex-gob, Arthur W. Collins, in which was enclosed a snapshot of a most unusual happening. We show you Collins' picture alongside, and let you read what he tells about it:

"Enclosed is a picture showing the grand finale of a tragedy that occurred while I was on the U. S. S. *Wyoming* at anchor in the Firth of Forth, Scotland, during 1918. This isn't the best picture of the happening, but most of my good pictures were stolen and if we can find the

man who took these snaps, I'd certainly like to get prints of them.

"Now to tell you how the gadget, which you can see hanging on our mud hook, got there: One afternoon two British airplanes were cavorting about our ship, when they came together and sank in the Firth of Forth. One came around the bow, the other around the stern, flying low, and collided on our starboard side, about 300 feet off the side of our ship.

"One plane was a single-seater, while the other, a two-seater, carried as a passenger a chief machinist's mate from the U. S. S. *Florida*.

The pilots were British. Both planes disappeared in the water—then the wing of one, with a pilot clinging to it, reappeared. Luckily one of our motor sailors that was tied aft, made a quick getaway and rescued the man, who was badly injured. Rushed to our sick bay, his life was saved.

"This accident happened on September 4, 1918. On October 12th, when getting under way and the incident almost forgotten, excitement ran high as gobs rushed to the top sides to view one of the planes hanging on our mud hook. It was the single-seater, I believe. The rest of the American and British ships passed on to sea, while we had to stand by till a lighter could be brought alongside to take the plane off the anchor.

"Now I should like to know the names of the men who lost their lives and of the man who was saved. Also the latter's injury and if he lived. I was below deck with my head poked through a porthole and couldn't see everything—so this story is open to corrections.

"I belong to Rainier Noble Post of the Legion, even though I can't get to many meetings, being one hundred miles from Seattle. Would like to see or hear from any of the boys who were on the *Wyoming*."



When the mud hook of the U. S. S. Wyoming was lifted in the Firth of Forth, October 12, 1918, it brought up an unusual catch—a British airplane which had sunk after a collision with another plane

WITHIN two weeks after this is written, veterans of almost a hundred outfits will be refighting the war and making whoopee in Boston at reunions held in conjunction with the Legion national conven-

(Continued on page 63)

KEEPING STEP

THE dog star gleamed balefully over Ohio fields during August, and if prophets and soothsayers had been available as they were in Vergil's time they would have consulted the planets and invoked the aid of the gods. There had been no summer rains in the southern half of Ohio—a drought afflicted a large part of the Middle West. Streams dried up, pastures withered, trees and shrubbery died. Fields of corn were sere under burning suns. Farmers were selling live stock because of failure of pasture and lack of water. The drought had lasted incredibly long; despondent farmers felt it would never rain again.

Washington County was one of the hardest hit. To the county seat, Marietta, stories of suffering came from farms and outlying communities. Marietta Post of The American Legion felt it ought to do something. Legion posts elsewhere had rallied to save communities stricken by fire and earthquake, by flood and tornado. Here was an emergency of a new sort. Marietta Post mobilized for drought relief.

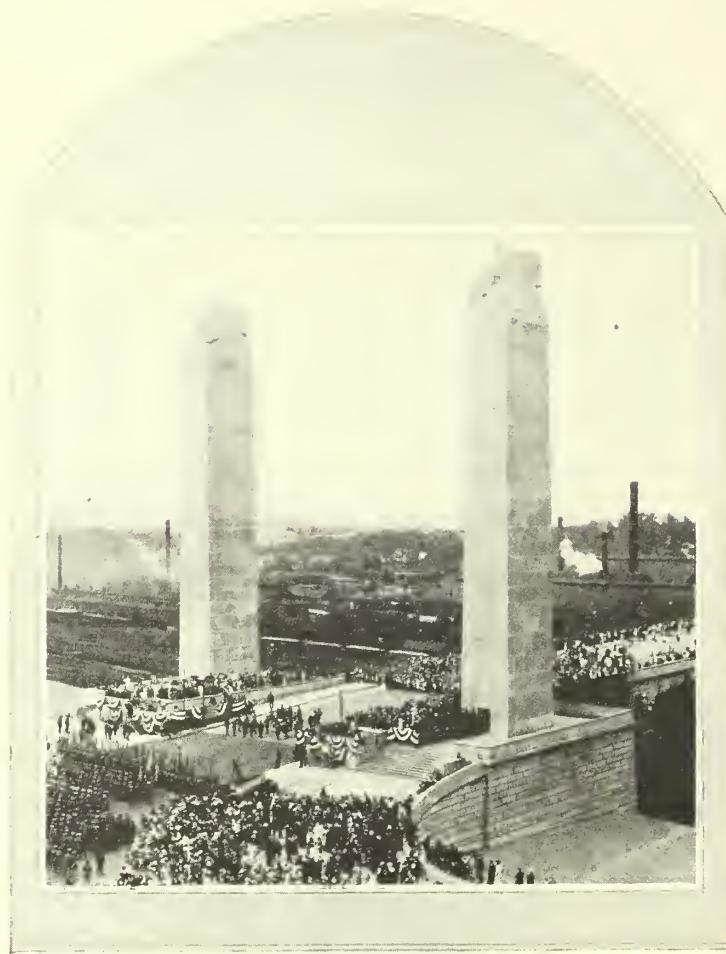
Marietta Post announced its plan in a newspaper. In a front page story and in an editorial, the newspaper informed those needing water that the post would upon request deliver water free to the farmers.

Merchants and factory owners donated trucks and large steel oil tanks for the transportation of water. Legion workers were divided into water details to serve every evening in the week.

Scores of calls for water were received daily, according to Post Commander G. Ray Steen. Wherever possible, a request for water was filled the same day it was received. Unsolicited contributions more than met the expenses of the post in carrying on its work. The outfit was generally praised.

The Legion at Work

BETWEEN the Golden Gate and Cape Cod are ten thousand posts of The American Legion which have been growing up in the past ten years. They started out from scratch, most of them, in 1919. National Headquarters set out not long ago to



An impressive moment as massed military organizations marched between the huge pylons of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Bridge at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, when the bridge was dedicated during the Pennsylvania Department's annual convention. The bridge is a half mile long with a roadway, fifty-six feet wide and will cost four million dollars. Hanford MacNider, Past National Commander, now Minister to Canada, gave the dedicatory address

varied amusements. The 4,276 posts reported their meeting places included 2,425 auditoriums, 1,670 billiard rooms, 215 bowling alleys, 462 gymnasiums, 307 hand-ball courts, 280 tennis courts, 462 horse-shoe pitching courts, 592 pistol or rifle ranges, 942 shower baths and 177 swimming pools. Golf courses are conducted in connection with 165 clubhouses.

In Time of Disaster

TWO-THIRDS of the posts answering the questionnaires—2,832 of them—have organized themselves as emergency units for floods, fires, storms and other disasters. Two hundred and sixty posts provided their towns with community ambulances, 485 endowed, sponsored or built hospital rooms, 662 helped raise funds for community hospitals, 1,077 constructed community

learn something about the present-day character and activities of all these posts. It sent to each of them a questionnaire. Ordinarily, questionnaires—particularly lengthy questionnaires—are regarded as nuisances and ignored. Exactly 4,276 Legion posts had returned the questionnaires with answers at the time this was written—a surprisingly high percentage.

The questionnaire answers show that approximately half of all posts own their own clubhouses. Of those which sent answers, 2,105 indicated they owned their clubhouses, and these had an approximate total valuation of \$31,425,595, land included as well as buildings. The average valuation is \$14,929. Sixteen hundred and twelve posts said they were contemplating building or buying new clubhouses in the near future, to cost a total of \$24,980,825, an average of \$15,407.

More and more Legion posts have become luncheon clubs, and 1,032 posts reported holding noon luncheons, weekly or monthly, with an aggregate attendance of 401,567. Bowling teams represent 1,715 posts and 1,532 posts expressed interest in the proposal for a national American Legion bowling tournament.

Legion clubhouses are attractive to members who like athletic sports and



Time in twelve years has wrought its changes, but not unkindly ones, upon these Legionnaires from many States who sailed aboard the S. S. President Roosevelt for France, to revisit their old battlefields of Rainbow Division days and to hold reunion with their French comrades of General Gouraud's command

halls or buildings, 610 managed county fairs. Exactly 1,242 posts provided public parks, 1,427 public playgrounds, 607 swimming pools and 605 skating rinks. Get-out-the-vote campaigns were sponsored by 3,075 posts, 2,052 posts erected street signs, and 22 posts painted house numbers on sidewalks.

Exhibitions constitute a standard form of Legion activity in many towns, and 275 posts reported giving auto shows, 417 airplane shows, 277 food shows, 202 style shows, 260 industrial shows, 265 flower shows and 342 better homes shows. Fifty-seven gave cherry and apple blossom festivals. Public libraries were established or supported by 375 posts, 477 posts initiated campaigns for bond issues for new school buildings, 70 for new court houses and 177 for new waterworks.

Legion motion picture theaters are maintained by 237 posts, while practically all posts reported co-operation with local theaters in running Legion films.

Other interesting activities reported were as follows: Memorial stadiums and athletic fields, 360; tourist camps, 257; community Christmas trees and parties for children, 4,217; tree planting and highway beautification, 1,277; town cleanup campaigns, 1,080; bandstands erected, 602; public concerts by Legion bands, 982; fire department equipment presented to town or operated under Legion direction, 402; health campaigns, 950; vaccination or inoculation campaigns, 837; citations and medals awarded to outstanding citizens, 1,000; pulmotor presented to city, 45; community lecture and discussion clubs, 620; community advertising, 1,412; erection of memorials and monuments, 2,205; safety programs, 2,325; community history of World War, 1,042; public drinking fountains, 365; waste cans for city streets, 272; summer camps, 292; public dining rooms or canteens, 580.

The Step Keeper will pass along some additional questionnaire

statistics in a later issue. Posts everywhere are engaging in unusual activities, most of them for the good of the community.

Vital Statistics

THERE was a time when California could always be counted on to trump any other State's claim with a bigger or better. Unless California comes through with a belated exhibit, the trophy for the Legionnaire who is the father of the most children born since the Armistice will be conceded to Mike Burke of Portland, Oregon. Mr. Burke, attests the *Oregon Legionnaire*, was married April 5, 1921, and is the father of nine children, six boys and three girls. The first title holder was I. Roth of Pontiac, Michigan, father of eight children born since the Armistice. Leo P. Michaels, Oak Park, Illinois, father of nine children, could only win a technical tie with Mr. Roth since one of the little Michaels was born before the Armistice. Presumably, he would be only a file closer in the ranks of Legionnaire fathers of most children. Anyhow, does anybody know a Legionnaire who is the father of more than nine?

Incidentally, the Step Keeper has been saving up a lot of additional photographs of Legionnaires' sons and daughters born on Armistice Day, in the hope that he can publish another series of them.

Waterbound Legionnaires

CAESAR'S commentary that "all Gaul is divided into three parts" reminds John Rice that Michigan is just as well off as Gaul or mayhap worse, because all Michigan is divided into two parts. Mr. Rice, of Houghton, Michigan, rises to speak for one part of his State, the Upper Peninsula. He is Commander of the Upper Peninsula Association of American Legion Posts.



Little mountain flowers turn poppy sellers. The Auxiliary's poppy detail in Jackson, Wyoming



"Used Tank. Looks and runs like new. Inquire Peoria (Illinois) Post." This ad won't appear because the Peoria outfit is proud of its thirty-two ton pet which can enter a parade on thirty seconds notice. It served at Cambrai and was sent in 1918 as a model to the Peoria tractor company which presented it to the post

A look at the map shows fifteen counties occupying a peninsula that lies between Lake Superior and Lake Michigan. To the west it is contiguous with Wisconsin, and it seems on detached service from the more sizable remainder of the State of Michigan, the Lower Peninsula. The Upper Peninsula Association is composed of thirty-nine Legion posts in the fifteen counties. The association holds an annual convention which rivals the department convention. The Upper Peninsula has a population of little more than 300,000, one-eighth of the State's total. But the posts of our association have 4,133 members, better than twenty percent of the department's total. The Upper Peninsula has provided three Department Commanders, the latest, Charles H. Schutz of Amasa, being elected for 1931."

By Its Deeds

FARE and good repute are varying degrees of the same thing perhaps. William P. Stehlin Post of Brownsville, Tennessee, has gained both. All Brownsville cheered the post early this autumn when it won in competition with all the other posts of its State second prize in the convention band competition, an award that carried with it \$200 in cash.

"The satisfaction of winning the band prize did not compare with the satisfaction the post got a few weeks later by providing at great expense to itself schoolbooks for children of needy families," reports Post Adjutant W. W. Cox.

Fairways Here and There

MINIATURE golf may soon go the way of Mah Jong but the full-grown variety of golf steadily consolidates its Legion gains. It is a rare post these days in some sections which doesn't have an annual golf tournament. Inter-post tournaments are also getting organized and a national championship meet is being considered.

The Forty and Eight conducted the annual golf tournament of the Department of Indiana this summer. Posts from Ohio River towns sent their Bobby Joneses to play against other Bobby Joneses from Indiana's Lake Michigan riviera. The Minnesota Department's annual tournament was held at Minneapolis, and Harrison R. Johnston, Minneapolis Legionnaire and national amateur champion, presented to Jerry Manning of Wayzata the trophy which went with his title as department champion.

At St. Joseph, Missouri, Macdonald-Dugger-Duncan Post was host to the best golfers of the posts in Marysville and Kansas City at a tournament in which 120 Legionnaires played. Harold Gibson of Kansas City got first place with a 75.

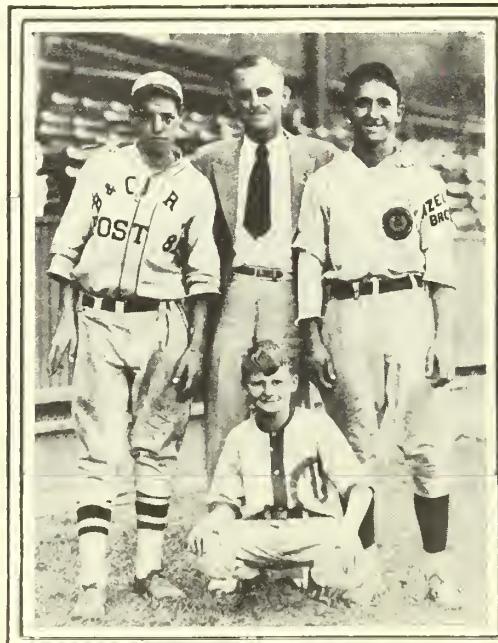
Free Scholarships

MANY Legionnaires who read Lee J. Levinger's article, "When You Send Your Boy and Girl to College," in the September issue of the Monthly, were reminded that through a private trust fund almost one thousand service men or sons and daughters of service men are obtaining free scholarships in sixty American colleges and universities. The trust fund, made available by the will of LaVerne Noyes, a Chicago manufacturer of windmills, has provided scholarships to almost 10,000 persons in the ten years it has been in existence.

The list includes colleges and universities from Massachusetts to California, from Minnesota to Texas. Scholarships for nurses only are offered in Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City, and in the University of Virginia.

From time to time, articles describing the fund have been published by the Monthly, but persons interested may obtain literature giving complete information by addressing Estate of LaVerne Noyes, 2500 Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Illinois.

RIGHT GUIDE



Big shots at the Legion's Junior World Series in Memphis, Tennessee. Russell Cook, director of the National Americanism Commission, with (left) Herbert Newberry, Baltimore's captain, and (right) Leone Antoine, captain for New Orleans. Below, Red Rizzo, New Orleans mascot

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Tip Bliss



BUSINESS was over for the day and the two partners had adjourned for a game of pool in a nearby parlor. As the evening was nearing its end and they were preparing to go home one of them clapped his hand against his brow, emitted a shrill scream and fell back against the wall.

"We're ruined! We're ruined!" he shrieked. "I just remember that I left the safe door open when we closed up shop."

"Oh, that's all right," replied his business mate easily. "We're both here, ain't we?"

The Blankleys were planning to leave for the weekend and, as there was a good deal of valuable stuff in the house, they decided to invest in a watch dog. At the animal store they bought an ugly looking brute and took him home, leaving plenty of food where he could find it.

On their return, however, they discovered the house had been ransacked from top to bottom, an incident over which the dog exhibited no concern. Blankley returned to the animal store in a highly indignant mood, sputtered out what had happened to him and wound up with:

"There's only one explanation to it. That 'watch dog' slept all the time the burglars were in the house."

"Quite possible, sir," agreed the suave clerk. "And now suppose you allow me to sell you a flea to keep the dog awake."



A welfaring gentleman—you know, one of those professionally cheerio guys whom you could murder at sight—stopped outside a county jail and looked through the bars at the disconsolate convict within.

"Brace up, my fine fellow," he said. "Remember, stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."

The gentleman on the inside looking out cast a lack-luster glance over his highly literal surroundings.

"Oh, no?" he rejoined. "Then maybe what we were tryin' to prove was right an' I am crazy."

An American had taken his English guest to the summit of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and for fifteen minutes the pair stood on the brink in silence contemplating the wonders below.

Finally the Briton heaved a sigh.

"Yes, yes, old chap," he said. "Topping, you know, but don't you think it's just a bit—ah—conspicuous?"

It was in the receiving room of a hospital, and the attendant had stepped forward to attend to a young woman who had just entered. "You were looking for—" he began.

"I wanted to see that young man who was injured in the automobile accident early this morning," she said.

"But," said the attendant, "he's in pretty bad shape, and we don't want him disturbed any more than necessary. Are you a member of the family?"

The girl blushed prettily. "Why—not exactly," she answered, "but I've been thinking it over and I thought it might be all right to give him that kiss he was trying for when we crashed."



She was such an innocent appearing, wide-eyed little girl as she sat there on the witness stand explaining how it was all wrong that she had been handed tickets for speeding, running over traffic signals and driving without a license that even the gray-bearded judge took a fatherly interest in her and decided to be lenient.

"Now, my dear," he said, "I'm inclined to believe in you, but I want to make sure. You know what happens to people who tell lies in court, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, your honor. My lawyer told me all about it."

"Well, what would happen if you told a lie?"

"Well, he said we *might* win the case."

The Perkins farm extended for many acres and was the pride of the countryside, and the stranger who had stopped to inquire directions asked the owner the reason for his success.

"Well," replied Perkins, "it's just a matter of getting down to essentials and back to nature, I guess. When I bought this place I had a lot of hifalutin ideas about different fertilizers and what fodder to feed the cows and all that, and I was goin' further in debt every year. But then I put in a hot dog stand and a gas station and the wife started the Ye Olde Wayside Tea Shoppe around the corner, and agriculture's paying fine."

The great Chinese revolution was at its height—it was the seventh revolution that month and the third for the week—and a captured spy from General Ding's army was being led forth to the place of execution by a firing squad of General Dong's men. Also, it was raining hard and the mud was slimy underfoot.

"This is a rotten note!" growled the

condemned man. "It's bad enough you should shoot a guy without hikin' him all over China to do it."

"Huh, you should kick!" retorted one of his guards. "You got it soft, buddy. We got to hike back, ain't we?"



It was getting along toward evening, but still on the bank of a stream sat a patient angler who had been occupying that seat wholly unrewarded ever since early morning. He had not made a single strike, let alone a catch.

Along came a small, irrepressible youth, the sort that should be strangled at birth, and his mother. On catching sight of the fisherman, the child immediately shrilled:

"Hey, Mister, I wanna see you catch a fish. Mister, catch me a fish."

"Mister," broke in the mother, "don't you do it. Don't you catch him a single fish till he says please."

One of the New York evening papers not many years ago went in heavily for sporting events and at considerable expense installed a direct wire from the Harvard Stadium, where the Yale football game was to be played, to the office. Also they dispatched to cover the affair their best writer, hitherto above reproach.

The game was the hardest fought in years, with the two teams battling each other all over the field but never crossing each other's line. No word came from the highly paid specialist, and the stay-at-home members of the staff were frantically engaged in rewriting the story from the press association reports. At last, four days after the shouting had died away, came a brief wire, dated not from Boston but from Montreal. It read:

"Tie game. No story."



On the staff of a paper in a small city was a reporter who was all right in most respects, but he would use up a lot of unnecessary words. His typewriter ribbon was generally in shreds before he had finished the simplest yarn. After long suffering the city editor finally summoned him to his desk.

"Listen," he said. "Here's a story I want you to go out on, and for the love of Pete when you come back tell the thing as simply as you possibly can."

This was the story that was turned in:

"Donald Greene, 5 Park Street, lit a match to see if there was any gas in his tank. Yes. Age 41."

ONE *will always*



Chester

stand out!



You don't have
to learn to like them

THE brilliant, breathless "get-away" of a star back brings the crowd to its feet by a common impulse.

Equally natural and spontaneous is the response of smokers to Chesterfield's satisfying goodness, its wholesome smoothness.

No one ever has to "acquire" a taste for Chesterfield. Smokers take to its pleasing flavor instinctively.

And here's why:

Chesterfield takes the sure, undeviating course to the one goal that counts in a cigarette—fragrant mildness and a ripened richness, without a hint of harshness or irritation. In short

**MILDER... and
BETTER TASTE**

field They Satisfy

PUZZLE PICTURES

Having Mostly To Do With Armistice Day Parade Perplexities

By Wallgren



THEN OR NOW? That is the question which is perturbing the bewrinkled and odoriferous buddy above. The old cootie-cutaway, creased and aromatic from long internment 'mid camphor and moth-balls, is so vividly reminiscent of his emergence from the delouser, twelve years ago, he wonders if he is past, present, or future?—and if so, ain't memory grand?



THE THINKER. Not Rodin's—but a thinker just the same. Our pondering friend, who is growing daily more ponderous, has had such a tough time trying to squeeze into the old O.D. that he has made a sudden rash resolve to go on an eighteen-day diet to reduce—immediately. But, in checking up the dates he discovers, with dismay, that Thanksgiving Day, of all days, will fall within that period, which complicates things plenty.



THE TIMID SOUL, fearful to show partiality to either his post or voiture, has solved the perplexing problem of deciding which chapeau by wearing both of them at once and hoping, vainly of course, it will be taken in the spirit of good clean fun.



MARINE DISASTER. This hitherto ultra marine has just been raucously reminded that the freshly laundered pants of his white-blue-whites are not sea-going, and that creases down the sides and picnic cuffs can hardly be termed maritime.

By Dan Sowers The TOP of the HEAP

TAKE four hundred thousand kids, from all over the United States, all of them under seventeen years of age. Stir them up with baseball enthusiasm, organize them into teams, point to a spot on the map called Memphis, Tennessee, tell them that if they win and win and win they'll get there. Then tell them that if they win some more at Memphis they'll be the youthful champions of the universe and see all the games of the World Series in baseball, no matter where those games are played. And just watch those kids go!

Well, that's what Russell Cook, Director of Americanism of The American Legion, did last spring. And when Baltimore and New Or-

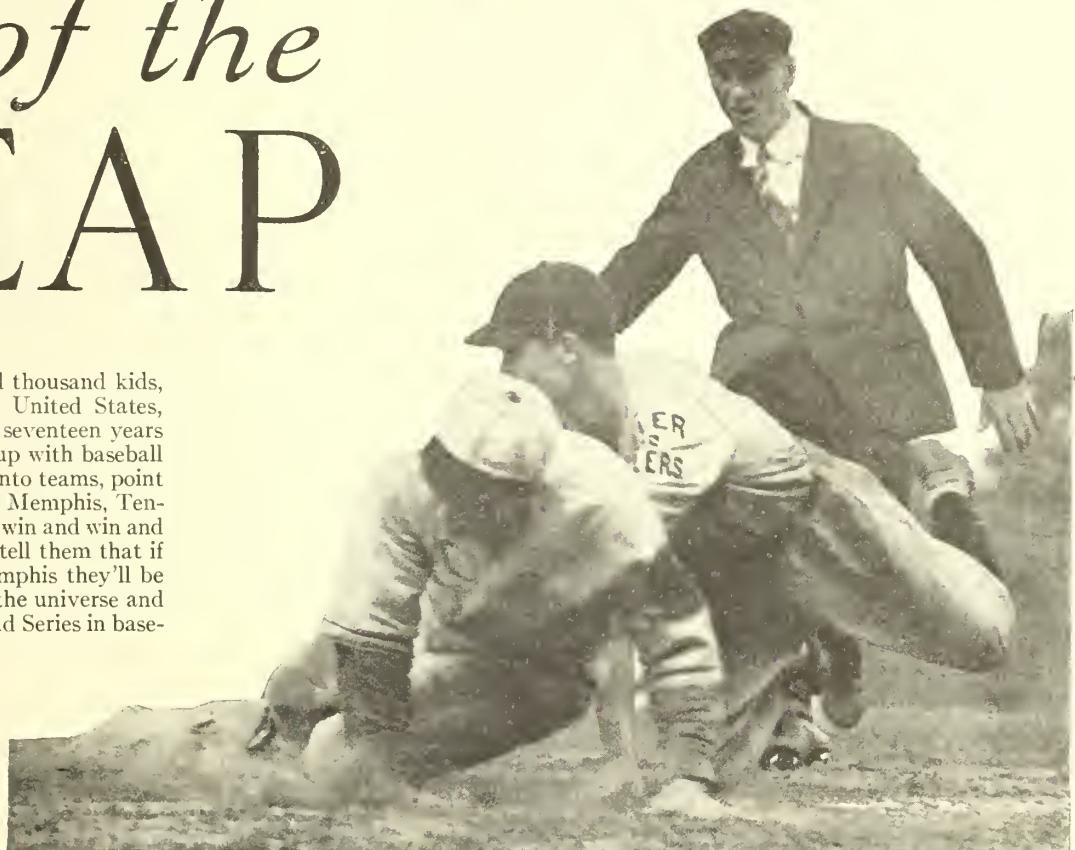
leans sent teams representing the East and West respectively, to Memphis in late August for the Legion's Little World Series, the stage was all set for some hot play. The near four hundred thousand who had looked to Memphis in vain were waiting at home around radio receivers to get details of the play, and Memphis and its environs took on holiday attire while the city and its Legion post, the biggest in the world, prepared to entertain those youngsters and give them every chance in the world to prove which was the better team.

For the second year in succession Manager Chester Fresh of New Orleans put his team, sponsored by Crescent City Post, into the finals, no mean feat in a contest involving more than 25,000 teams. But again the Louisiana boys were defeated. Last year it was Buffalo. This year it was the team from B. & O. Post of the Legion in Baltimore which, just to show it had reached the top of the heap by no accident, took the world title in two straight games. But if the New Orleans boys get into the big series next year, their opponents had better watch out! Two years of almost but not quite is entirely too much.

A few minutes before game time the first day of the series, Bill Munday, famous young sports announcer, entered the stands and took his place at the "mike" to give a play-by-play account of the games over the National Broadcasting Company's coast-to-coast network.

Loud cheering swept the stands when Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, emperor of baseball and idol of the American boy, entered the park. With Judge Landis was Mike Sexton, President of the Association of Minor League Baseball Clubs. Judge Landis was taken to the microphone where he, James F. Barton, National Adjutant; Russell Cook, National Americanism Director; Tom Watkins, owner of the Memphis Baseball Club, and other luminaries greeted the thousands listening in on the radio.

A corps of Legion buglers led the two ball clubs to the flagpole back of center field and played "To the Colors" while the spectators and players stood at attention as Old Glory ascended its mast. Legionnaires Red Ormsby, American League Umpire and veteran of two previous Legion Junior World Series, and Bob



Legionnaire Red Ormsby, American League umpire, ruling Shores, Baltimore right fielder, safe in his steal of second base in the final game of the Legion-sponsored Little World Series at Memphis, Tennessee. Baltimore won the title from New Orleans, which for the second year in succession represented the West. The games were played under the direction of Memphis Post of the Legion, the largest in the world

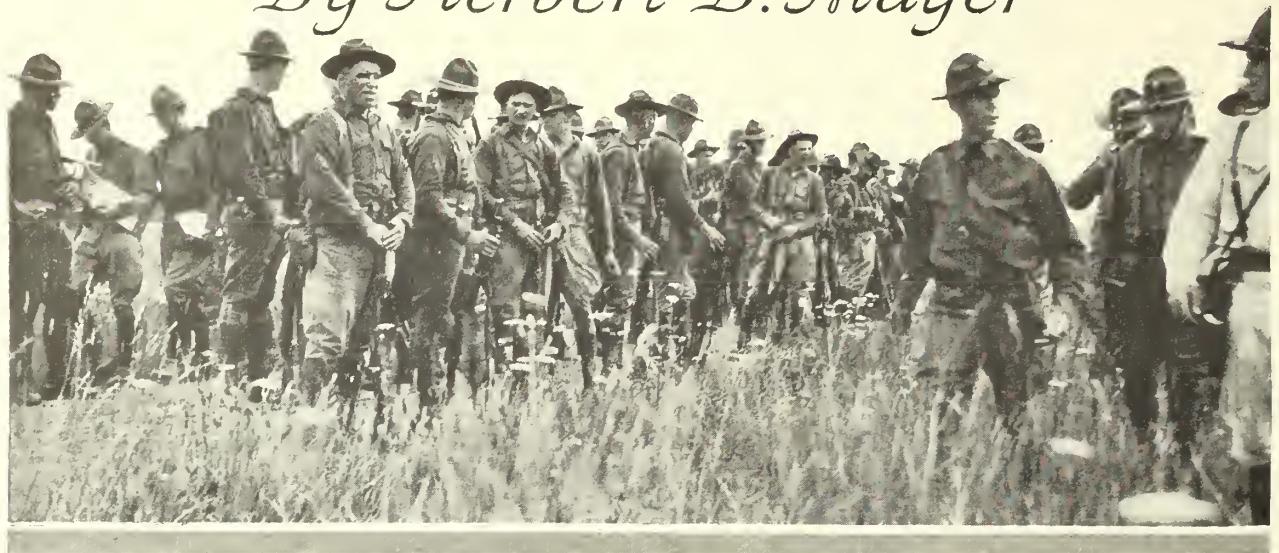
Clark of the National League staff, summoned the team captains to the plate for final instructions. These officials came to the tournament because of the active interest of E. S. Barnard, President of the American League, and John A. Heydler, President of the National League. Ormsby announced the batteries: Burrows and Kaun for Baltimore and Derris and Sellin for New Orleans, and called "Play ball." Nine boys scampered on the field from the Baltimore dugout. Monteguet, New Orleans lead-off man and center fielder, took his place at the plate as Judge Landis threw out the first ball.

The first four New Orleans players to bat singled, and it was noticed that the New Orleans mascot was rubbing some sort of a rock on the bats of the players before they went to the plate. He explained it was his lucky piece for the team. It looked for a while as though it was a lucky charm. But the Baltimore boys had a way of breaking magic spells. They had learned how to do it at Charlottesville during the Eastern finals. In their game there with Bridgeport, Connecticut, they saw the Bridgeport players salute a lucky piece on each trip to the plate. Bridgeport was leading in runs until the ninth inning, when the Baltimore boys decided their little, round faced, fat colored bat boy ought to bring them some good luck as well as hustle for the bats. In the ninth inning as each batter started to the plate he would pause and rub the little darky's head with his bat. They tied the score in the ninth and won the game in the tenth.

When New Orleans took the lead and little Red Rizzo's lucky rock seemed to be doing so well the (Continued on page 64)

NEW TIMERS

By Herbert B. Mayer



IF THERE had been nothing else one would have suspected he was an old timer by his very carriage—that stiff, competent erectness which only years of military service can give to the body of a man. But there was more than this. There was his lean brown face with its blue authoritative eyes and its combative wrinkles at the corners of the lips. And there were the three chevrons and the accompanying diamond.

Much prior service as private and corporal have implanted in me what may be described as a first sergeant complex. It is always with something of an effort that I force myself to realize that by Allah's grace the silver bar of a first lieutenant ranks that combination of chevrons and diamond before which I used to tremble.

And so, bearing all this in mind, after I had returned his salute I approached him with the freemasonry which old timers have a way of displaying despite differences in grade.

"I don't recall having seen you with the regiment last year, Sergeant," I began.

"No, sir," he answered. "I've just come up from the border." "Were you with the Sixteenth during the war?"

"The war?" His eyes registered amusement and surprise. "Why no, sir. I was only seventeen, you see, in 1918. I didn't go into the army until 1919, sir."

For an instant I was speechless. Then I walked away. The war, so near to us who served in it, it now was borne in upon me, was actually so far away that kids of that period had had time to grow up, spend eleven years in the army and become hardboiled first sergeants . . . Camp Dix reeled before my very eyes.

But this was only the first shock. Others were to come. For example, in all the Sixteenth Infantry—that proud element of the famous First Division—I came across only ten men who had served with the regiment during the war, and not one single officer of the present command had served with the regiment overseas. Pursuing my statistical investigation a bit further, I learned that the number of World War veterans in the regiment, officers and men, now numbered fewer than a hundred.

At one time it had been my honor to command Company K of the Sixteenth. In all that company I found only one non-commissioned officer who had served with me—Sergeant Rawlins. There was another, Sergeant Springer, but I never got to see him. These were the only two survivors of the company I had left in 1923.

Rawlins and I—two faint surviving ghosts of what seemed to be another age—talked of old times and the old men as we walked in from the pits of the rifle range.

Many of the old timers in this day's army were too young to fight in 1918, and actual veterans are few and far between, among both officers and men

"Captain —? Him? Oh, he resigned.

"First Sergeant Anderson? Why, he retired a few months ago.

"Corporal Lewis? Oh, yes, sir, I remember him. He got out three years ago. He got a good job. He's a state trooper sergeant now."

Somehow or other, as he went on dismissing the company one by one, it seemed as if he and I were the only two members of a sort of Last Man's Club.

And so it was borne in upon me that the day when veterans composed the great body of the military establishment of the nation has passed into history.

For another ten years or so most of the World War men would be able to serve, somehow, in the event of another emergency. But it was very definitely borne in upon me that the actual Army of the United States (Regular, Reserve and National Guard) is now composed of more recent arrivals—an entirely new front line crop, sprinkled here and there with veteran officers and men who have never quitted the service.

What is the new crop like? The answer came with that unforgettable thump of feet of men moving in cadenced order as I stood under a tree, pondering these questions of the past and the present.

The sound came from a valley just below me. There were the same long companies. By their overseas caps with the pipings on them I knew the troops to be C.M.T.C. boys, now in their first week of training.

"Forward—march! To the rear—march! To the rear—march! By the right flank—march! By the left flank—march! Heads up! One—two—three—four! Cover in file! One—two—three—four!"

The drill went on until presently—just as it used to be—other companies came upon the parade ground and took station until the green was filled with companies formed into line and waiting.

Out came the Flag with its color guard. From the heights above, the Eighteenth Infantry band moved down with that delicate lacing step that only bandsmen seem to know. The band marched and countermarched past the silent, steady companies.

"Pass in review!

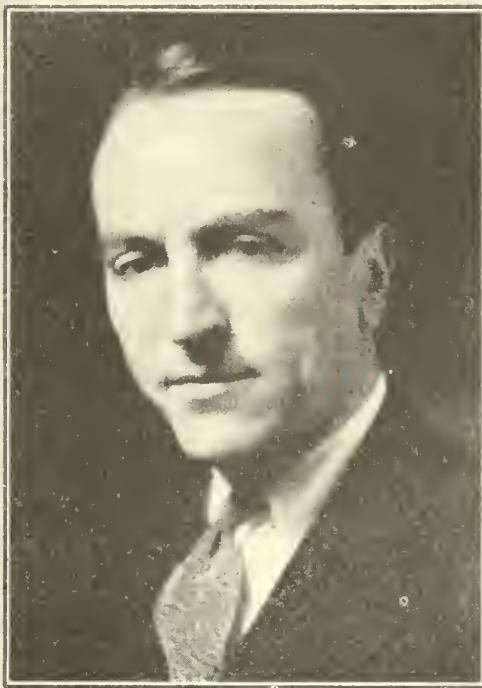
"First Company—Squads right!"

The movement began. As company after company reached the turning mark, it executed squads left until presently the green parade ground was filled with companies marching in line—steadily moving companies in which the legs of individuals moved with precision and steadiness.

I have seldom seen a review executed (Continued on page 67)



CAPT. H. H. WEIMER
Distinguished Service Cross
(World War)



CAPT. EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER
Congressional Medal of Honor
Distinguished Service Cross
with seven oak leaf clusters
(World War)



CAPT. GEORGE H. MALLON
Congressional Medal of Honor
(World War)



LIEUTENANT JOHN McCLOY
Congressional Medal of Honor—China
Congressional Medal of Honor—Vera Cruz
Navy Cross—World War



CORPORAL LEANDER HERRON
Congressional Medal of Honor
(Indian Wars)

HEAR

**the personal stories of Americans who
have been decorated for valor in action**

OVER THE AIR EACH WEEK

in Chevrolet's distinguished new radio presentation

THE CHEVROLET CHRONICLES

To give America first-hand accounts of episodes in our great wars, and to acquaint the public with the deeds of men who served their country—Chevrolet is now presenting over the air, a series of weekly programs entitled the "Chevrolet Chronicles."

These programs bring before the microphone a varied group of living Americans, each of whom has been decorated by the government for valor in action "at the risk of his life and beyond the call of duty." World War veterans, Indian fighters, Philippine campaign-

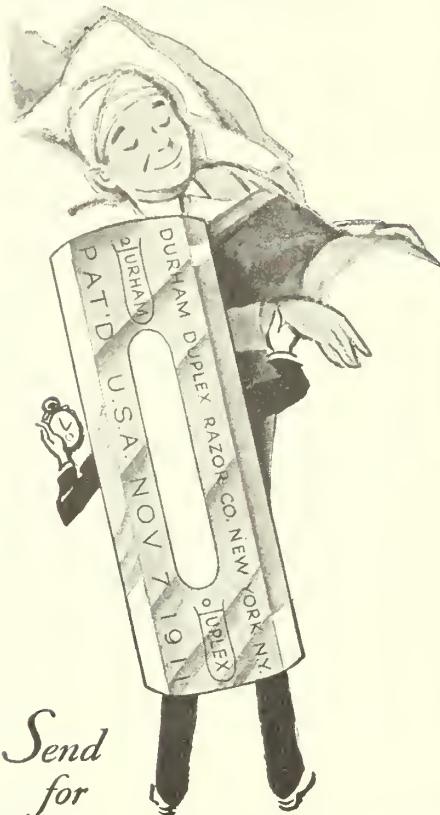
ers—marines, aviators, soldiers, sailors—all will, at some time or other, relate in person the experiences that led to their decorations. And acting as host to these distinguished guests will be America's ace of aces—Captain E. V. Rickenbacker.

If you have yet to hear one of these *Chevrolet Chronicles*—don't fail to "tune in" on the next program. You will find it well worth your while if you do.

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Division of General Motors Corporation

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Durham-Duplex blades are better now than ever. The latest output are a revelation in long-lasting keenness. Their hollow-ground edges are the finest in over twenty years . . . and that's saying plenty!

Package of 5 Blades 50c or get a razor and one blade for a quarter at your dealers or DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, New Jersey. Canadian address 50 Pearl Street, Toronto.

Name _____
Address _____

Present this coupon to your dealer or send to Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N.J. with 25c and get a genuine Durham-Duplex razor and blade.

DURHAM-DUPLEX
THE RAZOR WITH THE BLADES
MEN SWEAR BY—NOT AT

Peace and a Full Stomach

(Continued from page 4)

really adequate approach to the problem, and that is from the economic side. We must do all we can to promote prosperity not only for our own people, but also for all the peoples of the world.

If this sounds far-fetched, remember that the last war this nation fought, the war which brought The American Legion into existence, was caused originally by economic causes. But the United States was carried into it by international complications, and none of it arose from economic troubles of our own. That is, we were swept into war not because of economic troubles within our borders or between ourselves and another nation which fancied we were wronging it economically. The troubles arose outside our own borders, and we were drawn in. So, to safeguard our own future, we must actively do what we can to prevent economic causes of war arising in other countries as well as in our own.

This is not idealistic internationalism. It is cold hard-boiled common sense. To phrase it in terms of paradox, our national interest requires that we look out for international interests. It does not profit us, for instance, to attain great internal prosperity at the expense of

other nations' prosperity, if by so doing we bring on a war which costs us more in money and infinitely more in sorrow and suffering and loss to humanity. Fortunately, this represents no dilemma, because since business has transcended national borders, the way to reach this condition of international prosperity is through forwarding our own prosperity.

We shall advance world peace only as we think in terms of helping the other fellow to be prosperous just as we are. Anything that raises the living scale of the Chinese coolie, the European peasant, of the masses throughout the continents of the world—this is a real contribution to the abolition of warfare. Anything that makes another people less prosperous is a step leading toward a future war. For while it may be true that an army marches best on a full stomach, a nation usually goes to war because of an empty stomach.

Economic security, then, is the way to world peace. Anything that any one of us can do to bring economic security to the peoples of this whole world, no matter what their language or color or allegiance, is a step in the direction that we all want to go.

Man Alive

(Continued from page 25)

dire verdicts by which long-faced medicos delight in robbing us of innocent pleasures. It is not going to work out that way. To the majority the change will be so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, as the change in diet has been over the past thirty years. American diet habits are excellent. They are superior to those of European countries where dining is called a fine art, except that we eat too fast and they do not.

Just who among us of sufficiently respectable years to recall remembers any pangs of regret on leaving off eating pork chops and German fried potatoes for breakfast and taking to fruit and cereals.

As concerns most of us the changes now desirable will come by similar easy stages and as painlessly. We have the means at hand and must only learn to use them rightly. Hours of labor in the shop, the store and the office have been diminished, but now in six or eight hours we burn up more energy than we used to in ten or twelve hours. In every field of endeavor there is more work for the brain and less for the hands than heretofore, and brainwork requires relaxation and above all sleep to repair the damage.

"Work hard while you work and play hard while you play" has a virtuous sound but it is not a good rule of conduct. Most of us have to work hard these days, and no avoiding it. But we do not have to rush from our work as we do into a round of play, indoors or out, that produces merely a sense of

escape without relaxation and without removing the basic cause of our fatigue.

It is the same with many of the recreations we pursue within doors and without. We go at them with the intensity of a man putting out a fire. It is the same with vacations. The same with fads like the cold bath and the sun tan cult, which benefit most of those who go in for them but are positively harmful to others, small children frequently being victims.

Sleep is the best form of recreation and the most necessary. Few of us moderns sleep enough. No one oversleeps. We can work too much, play too much (i.e., unwisely), eat too much and drink too much, but we cannot sleep too much. The thing is impossible; one wakes up.

The whole tendency of this life that is shortening our years seems to militate against sleep. In the cities it is the noise in addition to a multitude of diversions which are in a considerable degree spurious as far as their recreational value goes. In smaller communities the diversions without the noise seem to be quite sufficient.

An adult needs between seven and nine hours of sleep in the twenty-four, differing with the individual. Those who can get along on less without undue strain are freaks of nature (and therefore rare) who prove the rule. I am able to help more people with rest and sleep than I am with drugs. Unless one wakes feeling fine he has not slept enough, providing that he is in good health.

Everyone should have a complete physical examination at least once a year. That is as important as any other advice. You may have never been ill, and feel as husky as you did fifteen years ago (which is rather unlikely), yet it remains a duty every man of more than thirty-five owes his future well-being to get and keep a line on himself. Most World War men left the service in better shape than they entered it. They are hardy specimens naturally. Most of them now are between thirty-five and forty. Those are critical years when inherent or acquired weaknesses that can give trouble later on should be checked and corrected. Better one trip to the doctor when you think nothing is the matter than many trips later when you know something is the matter. Specifically, it is time World War men had their anti-typhoid inoculations renewed if they have not done so.

The editors of *The American Legion Monthly* inform me that most readers of this magazine are the parents of children. This enables me to conclude these remarks by saying something in favor of modern times and manners. We hear considerable about the desertion of the home. The movies and bridge absorb so much of their free time that parents neglect their children, and so on. It is not true. Modern parents are the most competent guardians of their offspring that we have had to date. In fact they are doing better by their kids than by themselves.

The intensity of life which bears adversely upon the adult does not grip the child. He enjoys the advantages of scientific progress without the disadvantages, just as the adult might if he were as smart about his own welfare as he is about those of his child. It is now the habit of mothers to begin to safeguard the well-being of their babies before they are born, and it is well that they do so because the period of pregnancy is a part of the history of the child. Children are born nowadays with neither the discomforts nor the risks to the mother or the risks to the child that were common thirty years ago.

Modern diet preserves the lives of many children once sacrificed. Pasteurized milk, the availability of fresh vegetables, and a knowledge of how to use them, have greatly reduced infantile diarrhea and other digestive disorders. Parents are more sensible about giving the kids candy. A child likes candy because it tastes good. The craving does not go deeper than that. A child overfed on sugar will still eat candy until it is actually sick. Sugar is an important item of diet and many a mother has solved the candy question by giving it to their children at meal times. Would that children had the natural taste for vegetables that they have for sweets!

Smallpox has practically been eliminated among both children and adults. Tuberculosis is better controlled and its ravages greatly reduced. The incidence of scarlet fever and diphtheria has been reduced and the death rate therefrom greatly reduced. Diphtheria should be a thing of the past, like smallpox. Any-one can avoid diphtheria by immunizing a child at the (*Continued on page 42*)

THEY GAVE A new Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE . . . SO QUICKLY



LITTLE SUCCESS STORY NO. 5

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Joan is America's "Dancing Daughter." She danced through school. She danced through college. She danced as an "extra" . . . and danced to stardom. All in a few brief years.

Just as another young star, OLD GOLD, won the whole country in little more than a year.

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**AMMUNITION YOU CAN
SHOOT WITH CONFIDENCE**

Man Alive

(Continued from page 41)

age of six months and checking the inoculations four or five years later.

Any new baby has an immunity to measles which lasts until six months from birth. This is very definite: babies under six months old do not get measles. It is generally conceded that the baby inherits this immunity from its mother. A mild attack of measles in childhood, if uncomplicated by respiratory infection, is not particularly serious and may be useful in passing the six months' immunity on to posterity. But if carelessly treated the child may contract bronchial pneumonia, which is often fatal.

During the war one of the serious epidemic diseases was measles. In the southern camps many of the men from the rural districts apparently had no immunity whatsoever and on investigation it developed that many of their parents never had measles. The pneumonia complications were frequent and the mortality high. At the base hospital at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, where the writer was stationed, during the fall and winter of 1918 there was a higher mortality from measles than any other disease, except flu.

The question of the removal of tonsils hinges on several factors. Is the child a mouth breather? Has he had several sore throats? Has he been troubled with infected ears? General health unsatisfactory? The problem is one to be discussed freely with your doctor, but certainly the suspicious tonsil is much better out at age five to ten than at age thirty-five to forty.

Of some thousands of children that have passed under my observation I know of no healthier pair than two little red-haired sisters, aged nine and eleven. They face life with an edge on the average child, and this has been acquired for

they were quite average children at birth. In company recently I was asked to explain this statement in a word. I think some magic word was expected. But the word I used was "sleep." These children have had more than the amount of sleep I usually suggest for youngsters.

At the age of eighteen months the parents usually have to take a directing hand in the matter of sleep for their children. Tact will generally accomplish the results desired. Until the child is five he should be in bed from six in the evening until seven in the morning, with a rest period in bed during the day, preferably the afternoon. From five to eight the child should be in bed from seven to seven, with the day rest hour. I am aware that after five most children look upon the day rest hour as a hardship, but if the habit has been well formed before that this typical parental difficulty is minimized. At eight day rests may be discontinued and night sleep cut to eleven hours. At eleven night rest may be reduced to ten hours at which it should remain until the child is fourteen.

The foregoing may seem drastic and more trouble than it is worth. It is not more trouble than it is worth; consider the high-pressure life which confronts the child upon maturity. The puny, undernourished, nervous child is nearly always the child that has not slept enough.

All of which goes to show that, young and old, most of us have within ourselves the resources for healthy, happy lives, abounding in the vitality and energy that make for contentment, success and an enjoyment of the wonders of our modern day. Usually it is only when these resources are abused that we get sick and run down. And now, more than ever before, it behooves us to make friends with ourselves and keep well.

Stranded

(Continued from page 21)

"Not by ninety-nine million kilometers it ain't like France. This flu is mighty uncomfortable but it isn't dangerous. In France, a man would go to sleep and not wake up. Here in California he wakes up. That's the lucky difference."

Early in March, when the frost and the flu were matters of history, the sun burned through a snow field at the headwaters of Rock River and overnight the river raised twenty feet in its narrow channel. "Somebody's dope is all wrong—she's gone above all the high-water marks around here that I've seen."

"Never mind. That muck from the landslide has her blocked. The water is backed up, that's all. It'll clear its own channel in a day or two."

Working in three shifts, day and night for three days, the outfit managed to help the river to clear its own channel.

"Money lost and time wasted," Spike

complained, bitter for the first time since he had begun the job. "I don't mind sayin' I'm a little bit fed up on this haywire layout and my louse luck."

Jimmy the Ink nodded sympathetically. "I don't blame you. We haven't had a break since we started. You can't blame the job much for goin' haywire, and you sure can't blame the Gang. They've stuck. The grief is just plain rotten luck."

"The old Gang are pure gold. That's the main thing."

Jimmy the Ink looked intently at Spike Randall for a moment, and then, "Old timer, what did you start this job for in the first place?"

Presently Spike laughed. "You're right, kid. I guess the old Rabble gang would be ahead of the game a little bit if we never finished the powerhouse."

"That's the answer! You win a big

bet, Spike, even if you finish up broke. Cheer up, you damn grouch."

"One rough point that I can't cheer up about is—"

"I know," Jimmy said, interrupting. "You can't cheer up about the lady owner. We painted a rainbow prospectus for her—and it's faded. Remember when we were talkin' thirty-thousand-dollar velvet? Now she'll be lucky if she gets enough out of her old man's contract to buy a spring hat."

"That's it." Spike nodded. "We haven't been livin' on the fat of the land exactly, but we've been gettin' along. Believe me, boy, I feel like a crepe-hangin' yellow dog—havin' to tell her that for all of these bright young heroes that she's had on the payroll she's bust seven ways from the jack."

"Well, you can prove it with the records. That slide and the flood and the fire and the rest of the stuff is all charted in black and white to the last dollar."

"To hell with the alibi! Excuses make me sick. Alibi junk was never my long suit. If she was some big husky rough-neck like her old man I wouldn't mind breakin' the bad news. It's a louse job to have to shoot all that grief where she's the target."

"You'd better get ready to shoot," Jimmy the Ink said. "There's no shock absorbers for the facts. No use tryin' to cover up your bad luck. Break it to her snappy and ketch her if she drops. That's all you can do."

"I guess that's all I can do," Spike agreed. "Well, I suppose the luck stays rotten for seven years, and then—"

From where he lay on his bunk, half asleep, the Tapper finished Spike Randall's sentence. "Then the luck gets better," he said.

"Get to sleep," Spike growled at the Tapper. "Never mind any pain-killers. You ought to be president of a Sunshine Club."

"Maybe I will be some day," the Tapper returned. "I've been goin' from bad to worse for a long time." With a sudden half-concealed eagerness in his voice, "Spike, when you start to disconnect that ten-inch pipeline that we rigged to sluice that landslide into the river, stop it when you get as far as the cemented gravel—where the top edge of the hill was before she slid."

Spike Randall laughed. "What are you goin' to do? Start some hydraulic placer mining? Why not find a racetrack and try a thousand to one shot—it's safer and it don't cost so much."

"This won't cost you much," the Tapper continued. "It's worth trying. There's a fair chance that you might hit something in that ancient river channel up above where the sliding mountain stood. It'll cost you thirty men two days to try it. Take a chance and try it. That old gravel up there is part of the Blue Lead unless I'm crazy."

"Get to sleep. You're crazy."

The Tapper snored obediently. "I'm asleep," he said.

Late in March when all of the concrete forms had been stripped from the super-structure of the Rock River powerhouse and after (*Continued on page 44*)

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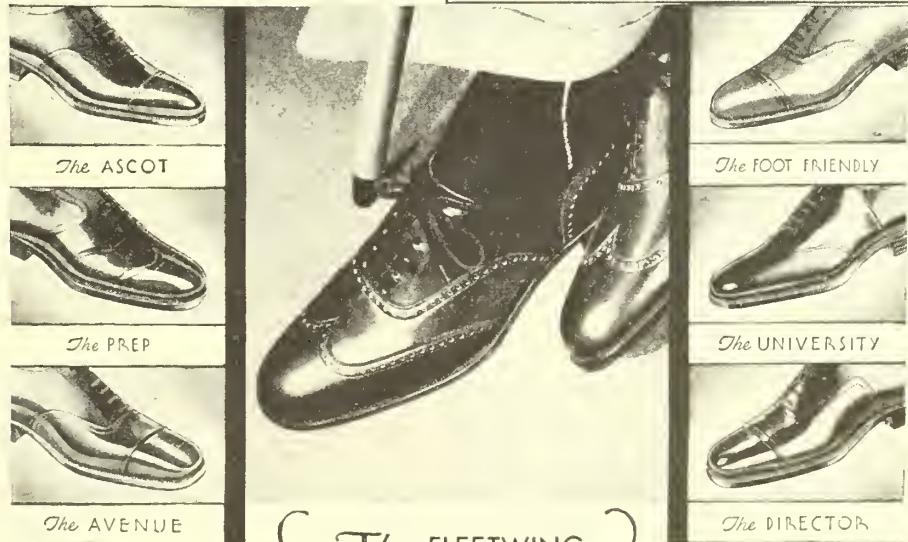
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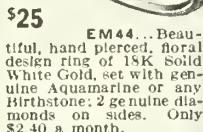
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Stranded

(Continued from page 43)

the debris of construction had been cleaned up, Jimmy the Ink dived into a holiday trip after the mail.

Among the letters that he brought back there was one from Jane Yorke. Spike read it, and then to Jimmy, "You and the Tapper get a cost summary run off as quick as you can. Old man King and two or three of his engineers will be here tomorrow. Miss Yorke is coming with them."

"She's due for some bad news," the Ink replied. "You'll have a hard time explaining things to the bank man, let alone to her."

"How do we stand at the bank?"

"You'll have enough in the final estimate to pay off your last note, with nothin' much left over."

"How much is 'nothing much'?"

"Offhand maybe five or six hundred dollars."

"That's hell."

"It sure is," the Ink agreed. "There's the rough figures." He handed Spike Randall six typewritten pages.

Without looking at the document Spike handed it back to Jimmy. "I don't want to see it. Your figures are close enough. I'll use 'em."

On the next day, welcoming Jane Yorke and the general manager of the Ampere Power Company and three of his engineers, there was a reserve in Spike Randall's manner that the girl was quick to read.

Alone with him for a moment, going direct to the point, "How did the job turn out—financially, that is. Am I rich or poor?"

"As far as this job goes—" Spike hesitated, and then, "You're broke. I'm sorry, but what's the use of sayin' that? I feel like a fool! First of all—"

"Never mind," the girl interrupted. "I've seen a hundred jobs go wrong with dad. I know."

"You don't know how I wanted this one to go right. When we came out here—"

The booming voice of the general manager of the Ampere Power Company broke in on Spike Randall's apology for failure. "Everything is fine as silk with a battleship polish!" Gordon King announced to Spike Randall. "I never saw a better piece of concrete work in my life. I thought that the rough lumber from your haywire sawmill would give a wigwam effect to those walls, but it's a mighty fine job. You got out of that landslide mighty well, too."

"That's a way they have, the Rabble Shoveliers," Spike answered. "If it's good concrete Slim and the Hogger are to blame. If the form lumber turned out smoother than it looks it's Blackie's fault. I guess we made a mistake in shooting up that rotten rock mountain. It kept the Rabble busy cleaning up for a month afterwards."

Gordon King nodded. "That's the overhead that killed you off, isn't it?" And then, "What are your plans for the

crew, now that this job is done?" he asked.

The impact of the question hit Spike Randall, and he devoted ten seconds to a forecast of the hard luck which might be the common fate of the Rabble crew. "There's no program framed for the future, Mr. King," he answered presently. "We've been too busy on the day's battlefield to think much about tomorrow. I guess we'll all—just drift."

The older man smiled. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," he quoted. "Is that it?"

"That's it. There's been bokoo and sufficient evil on this job."

"How did you come out with the costs?"

"I was just making my confession to Miss Yorke. When we started this job it looked like there was a thirty thousand profit in it. As it is we miss bedrock by less than five hundred dollars."

"It's all a gamble, this contracting business," the general manager of the Ampere Power Company agreed, from the vantage point of his own secure position. "When you play the construction game you play the biggest poker in the world." Then, quietly, "We've just completed the plans for another plant sixty miles down the river. It'll run about ten times the size of this one. There's a lot of gambling work connected with it. The foundations are all guesswork. She's going to cost us somewhere around a million dollars—if we're lucky. There's so many variables that no contractor would figure it within forty percent of the cost."

Without much interest in his voice, "When are you calling for bids?" Spike Randall asked.

"We're not calling for bids on that job," Gordon King said. "There'll be no competition on the new job. We're going to let the job on a percentage basis. It'll be the cheapest way for us in the long run, even if the contractor does clean up a hundred thousand at our expense."

"Who's the contractor?" Spike asked with his interest suddenly awakened.

Gordon King looked at the young man and then he looked at Jane Yorke. "We haven't quite decided yet. It doesn't seem quite fair to turn the job over to Miss Yorke and leave you out of it." The older man hesitated, smiling. "It doesn't seem quite fair to hand it to you and the Rabble Shoveliers and leave her out. If you and Miss Yorke could make some sort of a combination—"

On the instant, shooting from the hip, Spike turned to the girl beside him. "That makes it easier," he said. "I wanted to ask you to marry me a long time ago. I've loved you since—since that day you said you trusted me. Will you marry me? Shall we sign a couple of new contracts—together?"

The girl smiled at Spike Randall. "Yes," she said. "We'll sign them from now on—together."

Old Gordon King's gray eyes flamed with delight. He held out his hand to

Spike Randall. "Congratulations, boy," he said. "This job hasn't been such a flop after all." Then, to Jane Yorke, "Your dad could always make up his mind quicker than any man I ever knew. You've got him beat for time. Along with that, girl, I'd say you were a fair judge of human nature unless—"

A galloping group of the Rabble crew, led by Jimmy the Ink and the Tapper interrupted Gordon King's compliment.

Fifty feet away, "We hit it!" Jimmy the Ink yelled. "We struck pay dirt, Spike! The Tapper was right. He hit a pocket up the hill that was lousy with gold. Look at it—bring them buckets over here!"

A moment later, in the center of a milling mob of wild men, lay two buckets half filled with flakes and rounded lumps of coarse gold, still wet from the sluicing water that had uncovered them.

"I knew there was gold in the blue lead, Spike," the Tapper explained. "That's only part of the cleanup. She'll run a hundred pounds if she runs an ounce. We just had a streak of plain blind luck. I cleaned up that patch of the blue lead and in the last yard of it we hit this."

Spike Randall put his arm around Jane Yorke's shoulders. "Everybody's hit a pay-streak in the last ten minutes, Gang," he said to the Rabble crew. "You birds had better spend your new bankroll in a hurry because we have to hit the ball on another job ten times this size. Same kind of work, only bigger and better paydays."

"Workin' for the same boss?" somebody yelled from the crowd.

"All of us!" Spike Randall answered. "She just promised to marry me. I'm hired for life—and if you plutes will lend me a handful of that gold I'll stake you to a celebration banquet in San Francisco tomorrow night that will make you homesick for the Battle of Bordeaux!"

A SOUND of revelry by night in the Rose Room at the Palace in San Francisco. "What's going on in the Rose Room?" a guest of the hotel asked, hearing faint sounds of violent whoopie.

"Old gang of soldiers from the A. E. F. are having a reunion."

"Sounds like they're all present and accounted for."

"Yep—and going mighty strong. They own the place. They're hand-picked earthquakes. It's sort of a wedding supper for one of the old timers. Bunch of construction men. They're hard-boiled hell-raisers when they get started."

Sometime after midnight, during a lull in the uproar that filled the Rose Room, Spike Randall fished a folded slip of blue paper out of his pocket. He handed it to Jimmy the Ink. "Listen, Ink," he said, "make it your business to get my watch back from that pawn-broker on Kearney Street. I'd hate to lose that watch. It brought me luck—all the luck in the world!"

Jimmy the Ink stowed the ticket away. "I'll get the watch," he said; and then, somewhat off key, "C'est la guerre! Never mind the guard!"

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Co-operation

(Continued from page 7)

our young men of today on the schools. He explained that today no man stands alone, and that no matter what line of work a man goes into he must depend on contact and organization to effect his ends successfully.

I think he was unfair in placing the blame on the schools. Most schools do good work, but it cannot be expected that they can do everything. The spirit of co-operation is a matter of psychology instilled into the young men in group experiences. It is here, I believe, that team games such as football, basketball and baseball have their greatest value. Golf and other individual sports have their place in the recreation and training of our youngsters, but how much more important are games where organization is necessary and where the boy must to a certain extent submerge his ego, forego his personal ambition, for the good of the team.

I have three sons and I want them all to play football if they are able. I want them to learn the lessons of right living because no boy can play on a high school or college football team who smokes or drinks or does anything else that might interfere with his fullest individual proficiency. He learns to take his hard knocks without squawking, without kicking, without knocking, without becoming cynical. He learns to take them as a matter of course. He learns how to play his games with the proper values, and by proper values I mean trying to win just as hard as he can and, if he does, not bragging. And should he lose, he learns not to alibi. Nothing destroys character more than constant alibiing over failure. He learns to take his sport as a means to an end, not as an end in itself. He learns the true element of sportsmanship, which is having a little respect for the other fellow. There can be no sense of fairness without this. He learns how to take care of himself and how to curb hatred, fear, passion. And last, but most important of all, he imbibes the spirit of co-operation.

May I cite an experience I had with one of the candidates for our team? We gather about three hundred candidates together at the opening of practice in the fall and most of them are highly individualistic. If you mentioned the idea of co-operation they might say "Hooey." Many of them have very good opinions of themselves, and if the coach doesn't think they are any good they have the clippings from their home town newspapers to prove otherwise. Many of these lads were the stars in their high school days—men who carried the ball or threw the forward pass.

A specialty is all well and good, but the college coach cannot use specialists unless they can co-operate with their teammates. The college coach knows that Red Grange, the Four Horsemen, or anyone else who ever played football could never have reached the line of scrimmage unless they had ten teammates who did the

blocking and the interfering. Take the Four Horsemen. These four lads averaged only 158 pounds, but in spite of their lack of avoirdupois they made a wonderful record in football. If you were to ask me today what stands out in my mind regarding these four boys I would tell you resiliency of mind and the spirit of co-operation. As a matter of fact, I had a fifth string backfield that year who averaged 185 pounds and were tough and fast, but the reason they sat on the bench that fall was that they were four individuals suffering from Charley horse between the ears and could not work together.

I remember about ten or twelve years ago we opened our season against Kalamazoo College. There was a young sophomore back whom we decided to start with the varsity that day because of his impressive showing in practice scrimmage. What happened? Three times in the first half the quarterback called his number and three times this lad made long runs for touchdowns—sixty, seventy and eighty yards in length. Each time, so well did his teammates block and clear the path for him, not a single Kalamazoo tackler got in his way, and as old as I am I could probably have made the runs myself.

The next day I picked up our local paper to see if our local sport scribe would give credit where credit was justly due. Would he say that the feature of the game was the superb team play, the fine blocking and tackling? No, this chap knew his public and he gave them what he thought they wanted. He had a big streamer headline which read, "New Horseman Looms on the Horizon of Fame," and he nicknamed the boy the Kokomo Flash. On Monday he had several full length pictures of the lad in his paper and several columns dealing with his life history. Nothing like this had ever happened to the young sophomore flash before and therefore, having no immunity, the next thing we knew he was suffering from a bad case of swelled head. We gave him the usual serum treatment, which is ridicule from teammates and student body. This generally reduces the fever and the swelling.

Two weeks later we started for West Point. On the train, thinking the Kokomo Flash had entirely recovered from his malady, we decided to play him again at halfback.

I remember the afternoon of the game well. The boy's father and mother were there to see him perform and I think there were also a couple of aunts. And what about the game? Well, after about ten minutes, during which time this young chap posed around, evidently wondering how he looked from the grandstand, we took him out of the game and put in his place a little third-string halfback who was anxious to go out there and do his bit for the team. We nosed out the Army and left for home.

Monday afternoon, the day's classes being over, we had our first practice. The Kokomo Flash was sulking over in the corner and I didn't pay any attention to him. Tuesday afternoon he was still sulking, so I continued to ignore him. Wednesday afternoon he came over to me and said,

"Coach, I think I'll turn in my suit."

"Well," I replied in a friendly tone, "I was just thinking of asking you for it."

"The rawest and most unfair deal I ever got in my life was the way you disgraced and humiliated me in front of my folks last Saturday."

"Don't you know why I took you out of that game?" He didn't seem to so I said, "I'll refresh your memory. We received the kickoff and made two first downs when the Army defense stiffened and on fourth down George Gipp went back into kick formation and sent a long spiral soaring sixty yards down the field. Nine of your teammates ran down that field just as fast as they could so that the Army quarterback catching the punt could not bring it back an inch. All except you. You jogged down the field very easily, apparently saving yourself for later on when you were going to carry the ball and make a long run. But we overlooked that. A little bit later we had the ball and again the Army held us and George Gipp sent another spiral up the field. Again nine of your teammates gave all they had as they sprinted down the field covering the kick—all but you, the fancy prima donna. You gamboled up the greensward very leisurely, still saving yourself for later on when they were going to call your number and you were going to make a long run and get your name in the headlines on the New York papers. We also overlooked that.

"Just a few minutes after that the Army fumbled on their own twenty-yard line and we recovered the ball. As we lined up, just twenty yards from a touchdown, little Joe Brandy, the quarterback, who weighs about 135 pounds when he has all his keys in his pocket, turned around to you boys and said, 'Let's dig in and go. Here's our chance.' He barked out the numbers, calling for a play where the ball goes to you and you go around right end. The ball came to you and you started around right end but just ahead of you ran George Gipp, the other half-back, your teammate. On this play it was his assignment to take the Army left end out of the play and keep him out, and he did. As a result you weaved and wiggled for eleven yards before you were stopped. It was first down on the Army nine-yard line. The stadium echoed to the cheers of the crowd mentioning just your name. Joe Brandy turned around and called for the same play—that is, the same play that the ball goes to Gipp and he runs around the other end.

"On this play it was your duty, your quota, to do for him what he had done for you, namely, take the Army right end out of the play and keep him out. But what did you do? You didn't even annoy him, and as a result Gipp was thrown for a four-yard loss. As you lined up, quick as a flash Brandy called for the same play over (*Continued on page 48*)

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Co-operation

(Continued from page 47)

again. He gave you a second chance to see if you would not do your bit for the team. But no, again you went out and leaned weakly against the Army end, who tossed you aside and threw Gipp for another loss. So I took you out. Now I am saving you."

"What for?" he asked.

"For the Junior Prom."

The lad had good stuff in him, came from good stock, and he stayed out all the rest of that year. The following year he became a regular and was picked by quite a few experts as an all-Western halfback. He had imbibed the spirit of team play. He had learned the lesson that in an organization no one man can stand out in the limelight and take all the applause—somebody has to do the chores.

Since that time I conceived the idea of putting up signs in the locker room to instill this sort of psychology into the boys. These signs were placed at vantage points where they had to read them every day whether they wanted to or not. You say, what was on these signs? Well, some of them read, "A winner never quits and a quitter never wins," or "A good interferer never looks back," or "You can't take any more out of an organization than you put into it," or "The other

team is good but we are better if we will fight together." But the sign which I like best because it has particular application to the episode I just mentioned is the one which reads, "Success is based on what the team does, not on how you look."

Once in a while I still have to hang up that sign in some individual locker, and whenever I do the lad involved will generally come to me with an air of reproach saying, "You've got me all wrong, coach."

I'll say, "What, was that hanging up in your locker? I beg your pardon," but it has its effect just the same.

I have kept other stars on the bench other years. Whenever I find any young fellow who is a chronic whiner and disturber and who insists on blaming his own shortcomings on his coaches and teammates—never on himself—we take the shortest way out. The next day when that young chap comes out for practice there is no suit in his locker. I hope the shock has done him good.

No community, no government, no fraternity, no American Legion post, no business organization, no matter how fine the individual personnel, can get very far without the spirit of co-operation. Remember the motto of the Three Musketeers: "All for one and one for all."

When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 17)

Army and Navy of the United States should make any public utterance to which any color of politics or military criticism can be given when other nations are involved."

Idealists hoped that the soldiers of the European armies might be given inspiration by outside suggestion to cease firing upon their fellow men. Henry Ford and his group of pacifists who went to Europe on "The Peace Ship" to "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas" met a reception ranging from jesting ridicule to sharp resentment from both sides at this clumsy bit of American presumption, when the soldiers of both sides were giving their lives for a cause which must be fought to the bitter end, in a war which both sides were calling a "war to end war."

Not until December, 1914, did agitation for American preparedness begin. The sinking of the *Lusitania* and the loss of many American lives by a submarine's torpedoes in May, 1915, brought a national realization that we might be forced out of our neutral isolation. Then came the dismissal of the Austrian Ambassador and the German military attaché from Washington on the revelations of their plots to incite strikes in our munition factories, which were supplying the Allies, and other disorders within our boundaries.

President Wilson, who had been against preparedness as a threat of force which

would handicap his plan for the United States to become the arbiter of a lasting peace, now reversed his position. His call for preparedness in his message to the Congress in December, 1915, was followed by a preparedness tour of the country in which he said there was no time to be lost, and that he would be ashamed if he had not learned something in fourteen months.

He would increase the Regular Army to one hundred and forty-two thousand and provide for four hundred thousand reserves in a series of three years' increments by Secretary Garrison's Continental Army plan, which he gave up when it became evident that it would not be accepted by Congress. These volunteers were to serve with the colors only two months, when, after more than a year's training, only one division of the British New Army had yet been employed in battle action, and this with a tragic result.

None of the War College experts, so far as I have talked with them, who worked out the details of the Continental plan, saw any virtue in it except that it was a "means of beginning something in the way of preparedness." The War College's "A Proper Military Policy for the United States" held that not less than a year's training was necessary to prepare a soldier for efficient action. If the Continental Army plan had been adopted we should have had upon our entry into the World War, aside from the regulars,

120,000 soldiers of two months' training (if that many had enlisted) and the National Guard would have been a meager State militia.

In spite of the President's recent urgings, and a year of preparedness propaganda—countered by pacifist propaganda in a bitter feud—and in spite of the pictures and articles about our seaboard cities in ruins from European invasion ("to throw a scare into the home town") Congress had done practically nothing in the way of preparedness legislation when Baker became Secretary of War.

Just what we were to prepare for and how prepare for it varied with the wide range of the Congressmen's views in the discussion which was to continue until June, 1916, before anything definite was accomplished. Quotations from the *Congressional Record* during the prolonged debate are enlightening as to the temper of the country at the time.

Senator Myers, Republican of Montana, on March 13th, saw no reason for any preparedness at all. In the House, on March 18th, Shallenberger, Democrat of Nebraska, said Germany had always depended upon her common soldiers as we had. "She had never carried her battle flags in conquest, and she was the only great nation of which this could be said"—a view that would not have been popular a year later.

Champ Clark, Democrat of Missouri, speaker of the House, after a tour of thirty-one States, said on the same day that we could depend upon volunteers always to answer the call and "the people were not willing to bankrupt the country for military preparedness."

In the House, two days later, Snyder, Republican of New York, saw the administration bill as satisfying only to the extreme pacifists, and Gardner, Republican of Massachusetts, representing another Eastern industrial section, said Mountain Wilson had labored and brought forth a mouse. But on the same day two members of their own political party took a different view. McKenzie, Republican of Illinois, said, "The red-blooded men of this country fear no enemy and do not ask that their fellow citizens may be burdened with taxation in order that the men in the regular army may be jumped from corporals to major generals." Campbell, Republican of Kansas, thought that the Congress should not be engaged in discussion about armaments but in working out a plan which would bring a lasting world peace. Hull, Republican of Iowa, former Chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, turned loose on the National Guard for inefficiency and having failed to account for more than a million dollars' worth of Federal property which it had lost or destroyed.

Three days later Senator Works, Republican of California, took occasion to say, "What we need to do above everything else at a time like this is to pacify, soothe, and reassure the public mind, to think and talk peace and not war." But he was interested that California should be protected against Japanese invasion.

Senator Borah, in opposing the federalization of the National Guard said he would rather (Continued on page 50)



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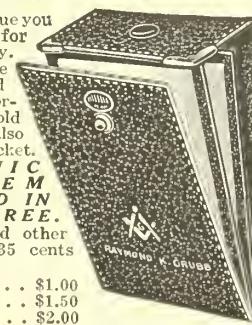
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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 49)

"postpone preparedness than establish a precedent unwise and full of menace to our institutions." Senator Harding, Republican of Ohio, afterward President, said that modern war was "largely a matter of brain" and trained officers were the principal need. Madden, Republican of Illinois, in the House, was opposed to big appropriations for aviation, when it was known that "America had the best automobile engines in the world and all you had to do was to install one in a plane." Senator Lodge, Republican of Massachusetts, said, "Our country is practically undefended. We need five hundred thousand men to meet the first rush of an invading foe, and we ought to have a regular army of two hundred and fifty thousand."

On the same day Senator Curtis, Republican of Kansas, later Vice President, spoke for the old system, saying, "Every man would respond to the call and uphold the honor of our common country." Mann, Republican of Illinois, said in the House: "We are sitting on top of an earthquake in the world. . . . I would rather spend a little money now than oceans of American blood later." Gordon, Democrat of Ohio, said: "It may be the American people are ready to exchange the school teacher for the drill sergeant. I do not believe it." And Campbell, Republican of Kansas, again on May 8th, "Ask for five hundred thousand men to defend the country and you will have them by Saturday night." Senator McCumber, Republican of North Dakota, did not think "training was of much use when methods of war were changing so rapidly." He would have the War Department set the inventors to work to provide for the country's defense. Senator Jones, Republican of Washington, said that "all this hue and cry is to form a military system," and rounded on the President for a stump-speaking tour through the country "in a campaign to influence legislation for preparedness. But the Congress would not be swept off its feet." While his colleague, Senator Vardaman, was championing the multitudes springing to arms and becoming trained soldiers in a day, Senator John Sharp Williams, of the same State, Mississippi, said, "Unless this country puts itself in a state of preparedness to withstand bullying, we will have to submit tamely to the rule of the winner in the European War."

Good news from the Allied front and reports that the submarine campaign was failing favored those who were procrastinating about preparedness legislation; bad news favored those who would speed it. High alarm was sounded on March 24th when the *Sussex* was sunk in the British Channel. The President's critics had an example in pointing in derision to his futile "notes." The *Lusitania* outrage had been repeated in spite of his protests and all German promises. The smaller number of victims on the smaller ship did not affect the principle. Amer-

ican lives had been lost by international assassination.

This time the President's note was an ultimatum: either Germany must abandon submarine warfare on merchant ships or "the Government of the United States would have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the German Empire altogether." Germany answered that no more merchant ships would be sunk without warning or without saving human lives.

In proof of the German reversal of policy, Admiral von Tirpitz, champion of unrestricted submarine warfare, had been supplanted by Admiral von Capelle, as Chief of the German Naval Staff. The President had "won a diplomatic victory." Our national rights had been recognized. Congressional resolutions that we should prevent Americans from traveling on armed passenger ships of the belligerents were tabled.

The march of destiny which seemed to be leading us into the war had been diverted temporarily up a peaceful side road. The German Crown Prince's struggle for a decision at Verdun had failed. Exhausted by that mighty effort, Germany must retain strength on the Western Front to meet the promised offensive of the new British army, and she could not spare large reinforcements for the Russian or the Italian fronts. The Russians were undertaking an offensive. So were the Italians on the Isonzo. Allied propaganda pictured Germany as at the end of her resources in manpower, food, copper, rubber, and oil. It reported German Social Democrats as restless for peace, German diplomacy as putting out feelers for peace negotiations. Accepting the roseate Allied view, it looked as if the war would soon be won by the Allies.

No less in leading preparedness parades than in his notes and speeches, the President was still thinking in terms of America as the arbiter of peace negotiations to shape a new world era of lasting peace. He had repeated his warning of circumspection to Army and Navy officers. His concern in this respect was expressed when one day he sent for Baker and said he had heard that the War College was studying the possibility of war with European countries, and this was very unneutral. Baker, who had seen the war game, the only concrete paper training for actual hostilities, and appreciated it with the zest of a veteran chess player, explained:

"Mr. President, they have made war at the War College with every country in the world. The way they do it is to propose a problem. For example, 'Suppose we had a war with France.' Then a war is fought with France on paper and the paper folded up and put away." The President said, "I think you had better stop it." Baker had a laugh with General Bliss about the President's view. He told Bliss that evidently, in a casual conversation, the President had not thought his

subject out, and Bliss was bidden to remind the War College experts to be discreet about the war games and not to allow any gossip that they were planning war with any country to get publicity.

"I do not know when the President first had the League of Nations in mind," said Baker. "From the time I went to Washington until we were nearly in the war, the President gave me the idea, although I could not quote anything he said, that to him the function of the United States was to be the peace maker and that the idea of intervening in the war was the last thought he had in the world. It was just not in the range of his mind. The President thought the war had made him an instrument of Providence, but he thought it humbly. He was the most profoundly religious man I had ever known."

Bryan, Secretary of State, had resigned from the President's Cabinet because the President had been too firm about the *Lusitania* outrage. Then the Secretary of War had resigned because his preparedness plan was unacceptable to Congress. What part was the new Secretary of War to play in relation to the Congressional debates?

His predecessor, Garrison, had been allied with a faction in Congress when public emotion was intense. Not only was there no team play between Senator Chamberlain, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, and Representative Hay, Chairman of the House Committee, although both were of the President's party, but they were personally antipathetic.

Chamberlain seemed to hold a certain bitterness that he had not been chosen as Garrison's successor. It was salt in his wound that Hay had brought in the administration bill federalizing the National Guard, upon which Chamberlain would place no dependence. Chamberlain refused to be helpful and, to put it in the mildest terms, was dug in in his critical attitude toward the War Department. Any military increase must have the consent of both men. Chamberlain might prefer no preparedness program at all, if he could not have his own.

Baker was dealing with conspicuously human elements and arrears of animosities. The first thing to be achieved was normally pleasant and reasonable relations with members of the Committees of both parties. After Garrison's misfortune an unprovocative attitude was essential. The thing was not to tell the Congress what to do but to give it information.

When Gardner of Massachusetts read on the floor of the House the answer to questions that he had put to Baker, there was a small furore. Hay had stated that his bill would make 1,324,700 men available, and that the Regular Army would have a reserve of 60,000. Baker said that by the same method of figuring we already had only 40,000 fewer men available, and after several years under the Hay bill we might have a Regular Army reserve of 40,000. The truth had to be told. The mistakes of previous legislation to create reserves, to find they would exist only on pa- (*Continued on page 52*)

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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 51)

per, should not be repeated under any delusion.

On June 3, 1916, the preparedness bill called the National Defense Act was passed. It was heralded as strictly a defense act; no member thought of it as anything else. Even the European armed camps had never increased their military establishments by anything but "defense" legislation. The pacifists refused to see the act as anything but provocative; and the militarists saw it as weak and inadequate. But it was all that Congress would give, with its compromise concession from Hay to the Regulars, and from Chamberlain to the National Guard, after factions had been soothed instead of irritated by the Executive branch.

Baker might anticipate the passage of the act, as he did, by preparing before it became a law to hasten the expansion of the Regulars and the National Guard for which it provided.

ALL efforts from the beginning of the nation to federalize the National Guard had failed. Its name had been a misnomer. It was a State, not a Federal militia.

The Dick Act of 1908, which authorized the President to call the Guard into the service for any term required, was declared unconstitutional by Attorney General Wickersham of the Taft Cabinet. Secretary Garrison said in his annual report of 1915, in advocacy of his Continental Army plan: "There is no legal way that the National Guard can, in time of peace, be governed, officered, or trained by the National Government."

The objection was now overcome in the simplest manner by the National Defense Act. When the National Guardsman took the usual State oath he also took oath to the United States which put him under command of the President. So in the World War the Guard became immediately and automatically a part of the national forces under the orders of the President.

The National Defense Act called for an increase of the Regular Army by five annual increments from its 5,025 officers and 107,000 men (actual strength on June 30, 1916) to 11,450 officers and 223,000 men by 1921, if enlistments responded up to that number. The National Guard was to be increased to 17,000 officers and 427,000 men. This made on paper, subject to enlistment, a total equal to more than Britain had at any one time in France in the first year of the World War. A third force was to be volunteers who would answer the President's call. The number of West Point cadets was increased, collegiate military training extended. There was provision for an enlisted technical reserve corps in which Baker was much interested.

But a phrase had been inserted in the National Defense Act which started

much buzzing among the Bureaus. Section 5 of the National Defense Act said that the General Staff, "should be exclusively employed . . . on other duties not of an administrative nature." In duty bound, Judge Advocate General Enoch H. Crowder handed General Scott, Chief of Staff, an opinion construing this as eliminating the supervisory function of the General Staff and leaving it only advisory.

General Scott's Indian-fighter's mustache was bristling as he laid it on Secretary Baker's desk and said, "Mr. Secretary, I will fight that to the end." Baker glanced at its contents without reply, and then put the paper in his pocket to take home with him. He knew that he had to make a fundamental decision of far-reaching influence. In his opinion, a few days later, he took high ground reviewing Secretary Root's representations to the Congress and his conception of the purpose of the original General Staff Act.

"On other duties not of an administrative nature!"

What was the meaning of administrative? "Legally," Baker held in his decision, "it perhaps means, when applied to duties, such duties as involve no exercise of discretion. That is to say, if an officer is directed by statute to pay a dollar a day to each of ten persons, no discretion is involved in his payments . . . his duty is administrative. If such an officer is directed to pay a dollar a day to so many of ten persons as shall have lived up to a certain standard of performance in duties assigned them from day to day, then the discretion of determining the merit of applicants for the pay is non-administrative, because a discretionary duty. . . . Now, the plain, ordinary and popular meaning of this term in the context obviously is that the Chief of the General Staff and the members of the General Staff Corps shall not administer the offices of the bureau chiefs. . . . These administrative duties . . . are exactly the kind which the original act creating the General Staff did not intend to assign to the General Staff."

The National Defense Act had not changed the intention of the original Act. In discretionary matters, in policy, the Chief of the General Staff was supreme over the Bureaus and the Secretary of War supreme over all.

Our original General Staff had been allowed forty-five officers. In 1912 the Army Appropriation Act had reduced the number to thirty-six. Baker had sought a large increase. It was a vital recommendation on which he was beaten. The Senate bill had provided for ninety-two but, as passed by both Houses, the National Defense Act had finally allowed an increase of only eighteen, and these were to come by annual increments. Half of the total must not be serving in Washington. Two hundred would have been modest for a start in the summer

of 1916 if the prospect of entering the World War in 1917 had been under consideration. Thus we were undermanning the creative managerial, planning, and supervising forces of a great corporation at the outset of a twenty-fold expansion. As it was, we had to staff our new army in the World War with men of no staff experience and hastily trained, but certainly better than each Bureau going to war on its own.

But in "saving the Staff" Baker had not overlooked the privilege of any bureau chief to "argue personally from his point of view before the Secretary of War." In such cases a hearing before the Secretary should be requested through the Chief of Staff. The Secretary's office was an open court. He had already set a precedent on May 10, 1916, when General E. M. Weaver, Chief of the Coast Artillery, had sent him a memorandum expressing loyalty to the Staff but criticising its methods.

"It will not be possible for me to be of as much use to the Government and the Army as I desire to be," Baker wrote, "unless I can have the expression of frank opinions from my associates in the service, and I, therefore, appreciate the more heartily your note because of your feeling about your previous experience."

Now we turn to the third factor in the preparedness program of the National Defense Act. After you have the soldiers and the organization for training and command, the next thing is that they shall not want for food, clothing, equipment, and transport on the way to the front, and good weapons and an ample allowance of missiles in battle.

Napoleon's genius in maneuver was served by his masses of cannon; the Germans' superior force of mobile heavy artillery early in the World War was tearing the enemy's flesh and saving German flesh from sacrifice; Germany's early superiority in the air gave her vision and blinded the enemy's.

The recruit who stands naked before the examining sergeant leaves his civilian clothes behind him and goes naked into the Army, where from cap to shoes all he wears and carries, and all the paraphernalia that serves him, must be of standardized pattern. Never had the individual soldier required so much personal equipment as in the World War, with its armies of unprecedented magnitude, never had he required so many kinds of weapons and so many kinds of missiles. A war which was called a war of populations resolved itself into a forced march of industry's battalions to supply able-bodied youth who were withdrawn from industry into action with all the things they required for their combat part.

The one point where America had touched in concrete practice the processes of the European struggle was munitions. The maw of the Allied armies seemed to be insatiable, as the maws of armies have ever been. The calls of the Allies upon our mines, granaries, and factories might easily lead captains of industry to conclude that war was won by industrial power when soldiers are as helpless without its support as industrial power is helpless in war without soldiers to de-

fend it. In this field of preparation the recruits need not be withdrawn from their occupations. Their camp, drill ground, and trenches might be where they were doing their day's work. Even pacifists could hardly object to the creation of the Council of National Defense and an Advisory Commission of industrial experts embodied in the Military Appropriation Bill of August 29, 1916.

The members of the Council were the Secretaries of War, Navy, Interior, Commerce, and Labor. Baker was Chairman, as obviously his Department was far and away the most concerned.

Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a veteran railroad man respected by industry and labor, was the Commission's expert in transport and communication.

Julius Rosenwald, head of Sears, Roebuck & Co., was made responsible for food, clothing, and kindred supplies; Bernard M. Baruch for raw materials and metals; Howard E. Coffin for munitions, manufactures, and industrial relations; Dr. Hollis Godfrey for engineering and education; Samuel Gompers, the veteran President of the American Federation of Labor, for labor and the welfare of the workers; and Dr. Franklin Martin for medicine, surgery, and sanitation. Godfrey, the first chairman, was soon succeeded by Willard.

These were the pioneer "dollar-a-year" men. I have never met one who received his dollar. They gave their services free and were allowed expense accounts when traveling. Congress had appropriated \$200,000 to carry on the Advisory Commission's work. It was not enough to supply a division of infantry in France with clothes, but enough for incidentals when the services of all the sub-committees to be appointed, as well as of the chiefs, were to be volunteer.

Looking the country over for a director of the Commission, the leaders turned to a young man, Walter S. Gifford, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company (now its President), who had a broad experience of all industries. Peace construction these eminent experts knew, but they were being introduced to an organization absorbing all branches of construction for the purpose of destruction. It dealt with a technique and imponderables beyond the ken of bankers or business men, college presidents, great lawyers, or great doctors. Germany, France, Austria, Russia, Italy, with their strategic railroads, had pre-war organizations which contemplated the transport and supply for the quick mobilization of millions of men on schedule at the outbreak of war, when a day's delay might give the enemy the balance of forces upsetting policies and plans of command. In spite of this, the Russian supply system had soon broken down; that of France had been early crippled; Germany had faced the danger of ammunition shortage on the Marne despite the vast stores she had accumulated.

And what was industrial organization to prepare for? How many soldiers would we have needing supplies and whence should they be transported and where serve? The (*Continued on page 54*)

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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 53)

German and French Staffs had the answer indexed and filed years before the World War began. Facing hostile frontiers they knew just whom they were to fight. For the answer by our Staff the War College brought forth a map of the eastern United States, representing a war game it had been playing, and which was the authority for "A Proper Military Policy of the United States." This required five hundred thousand men, trained for not less than a year, for the first line; five hundred thousand for the second, and five hundred thousand more to be raised immediately for replacement of casualties.

In this war game it had been estimated that this requirement was based on an estimate of a first British expedition of 170,000, and a second of 90,000; a first German expedition of 387,000 and a second of 400,000; a first French expedition of 160,000, and a second of 243,000. Two weeks were allowed for crossing and landing, and thirty days before the second expedition arrived.

The Advisory Commission experts might work out their plan for the transport and supply on the basis of the demands of these one million, five hundred thousand men who might be forced to evacuate some of the ports which would be surrendered to the well-prepared invading foe supported by the heavy guns which it had brought. Daniel Willard looked at that very elaborate military map and asked the question which would occur to any practical citizen:

"What would our Navy be doing in the meantime?"

The War College plan had granted a two months' period of delay by naval interference before the invading forces could actually be landed. This was not an attitude which would lead naval officers to think the Army thought well of its sister service, although at the same time it confirmed naval advocacy of a strong Navy. But the War College might play only defensive games in order to learn how to move over large forces. And anyhow, it had to get them to the seaboard before it sent them overseas, which was the real value of the practice.

Granting that the sea was clear, none of the warring nations had any troops to spare for the invasion of America. Each was straining its man-power against enemy man-power. And the sea was not clear. Could anyone imagine the British and German navies uniting against America? Or Britain letting the German navy past to attack us; or Britain raising the siege of the German navy, which it had bottled at Kiel, to protect the crossing of an army against us instead of against the German army in France? Yet, looking out over our ocean moat, we would be on the safe side.

The instinct of a people in relation to national self-preservation is the governing power over statesmen who form it into policies; and our national instinct no less than the British sees our national

defense on the sea. Our employment of a large army, which is always spoken of as for defense, must always be overseas.

The Naval Appropriation Bill of 1915 had provided for two battleships, six destroyers, two fleet and sixteen coast submarines. That of 1916 was the largest in our history. Its total was \$315,000,000 for ten new battleships, six battle cruisers, ten scout cruisers, fifty torpedo boats, nine fleet and fifty-eight coast submarines, while it appropriated \$11,000,000 for an armor plant and established a Naval Reserve Staff Corps and Flying Corps. We were started on the way to a navy that would have been the largest in the world but for the limitation by the Washington Arms Conference of 1921.

On this score we knew precisely what we were preparing for—the command of our seas from the Panama Canal entrance to Nova Scotia, on the East, and to Puget Sound on the West.

A common national interest rose above partisan politics, industrial antipathies, the pleas of individuals and sections for power, in the words of Senator Swanson, Democrat of Virginia, in charge of the bill: "The necessity for an adequate navy for us is greater than ever before in our history, a navy large enough to demand and enforce our rights. When the war is concluded this nation will be rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. If we have naval strength we will be able to hold our wealth, power, and prestige. If we are weak in this respect the day of our despoilment will inevitably come."

And in the words of Senator Lodge, Republican leader, of Massachusetts:

"If there be any nations in the west or in the east which have hostile feelings toward this country, or cherish, as I hope they do not, sinister designs, they will take notice of the authorizations contained in this bill, of the program for three years herein adopted, and I think the law containing them will have a more soothing effect and do more to promote kindly feeling on the part of those nations than the most lavish employment of the resources of the American language."

Also, without being unneutral, Congress had passed the Federal Shipping Act of September 7, 1916, creating the United States Shipping Board, "for the purpose of regulating foreign and domestic shipping and promoting the development of the American merchant marine."

WE ARE teetering on the knife edge down here," Baker wrote to his friend, Carl Osborne, November 9, 1916, "uncertain as yet as to what the outcome of the election is, and finding it difficult to do very much work until the question is settled, but I suppose it will be by tonight."

Two days after the voters had gone to the polls it was not yet known if another man would take Wilson's place in

the White House on the coming fourth of March and another Baker's place in the War Department. At 9:30 on election night Wilson had telephoned to his private secretary, "Well, Tumult, it looks as if we were licked. . . . But I have no regrets. We have tried to do our duty."

The next morning, on the basis of the returns from the Eastern seaboard States, the press announced the triumphant election of Charles E. Hughes, whom the Republicans had drafted from the bench of the United States Supreme Court for their Presidential candidate. But later news, showing a different trend in the West, assured Wilson's re-election.

On October 30, 1916, during the campaign, Baker had written in response to a letter from Colonel E. M. House, with whom he had little correspondence as House's interest was in other quarters than the War Department:

"I wish I could be quite sure, without any heroics in the matter, that the President understood my whole purpose with relation to him. I certainly want to be useful and helpful to him, and, while I both admire him deeply and have a genuine personal affection for him, I am anxious that he should not learn either very much to admire or very much to like me, because I want him always free to judge just when I cease to be either useful or helpful, and when that time comes, if it ever does, I shall be sorry to have his duty in saying so complicated by any personal distress to him."

Baker, as he looked forward to March 4th, when Wilson's second term would begin, was thinking of his return to his beloved Cleveland; but Wilson's answer was that he would not permit him to leave an office in which he had rendered such valuable service. This would have been parting with the only member of his Cabinet, "who had never told him the same thing twice." So the little Secretary was to continue his military education in the ordinary and extraordinary duties of his office under white-haired General Scott whom he had asked to treat him as a father would his son. When the General submitted his report as Chief of Staff in the fall of 1916 it contained this passage:

"The volunteer system in this country, in view of the highly organized, trained, and disciplined armies that our possible opponents possess, should be relegated to the past. There is no reason why one woman's son should go out and defend or be trained to defend another woman and her son who refuses to take training or give service. The only democratic method is for every man in his youth to become trained in order that he may render efficient service if called upon in war."

Here was ample cause to provoke the ire of the pacifist elements and all the champions of a million volunteers springing to arms overnight who would see our War Department imitating the policy of European militarism whose cardinal point was seen as the conscription of able-bodied youth as cannon fodder. But the recommendation was the expert view of the Chief of Staff and all the experts

around him, and, as such, ought to be heard.

At the time, with forty thousand postmasters acting as recruiting agents and house-to-house canvassers, enlistments in the Regulars and the Guard were still meager. Congress, which assembled in December, had the mandate of the electoral victory of the President who had kept us out of war. It now looked as if the war were a stalemate, and the only means for the armies to escape from the trenches was through the diplomatic negotiations which were supposed to be in auspicious progress. The Kaiser had issued his vague peace note; the President had followed it with his own "peace without victory" note asking all the belligerents to state their aims as a basis for a conference. The Kaiser, finding that his enemies "did not want the understanding offered by me," which "with God's help" his armies would enforce, was calling on his soldiers "to become as steel against the enemies' arrogant crime." and Rumania was overrun by Mackensen's drive.

But the President still believed his own negotiations were succeeding. Only two weeks before the bolt from the blue which was to set destiny back on the road at the double quick, he spoke of the peace "presently to be made." The Kaiser's peace note, as von Tirpitz's and von Bernstorff's memoirs attest, had been issued to keep American opinion quiet and to show his own people that he was ready to end the struggle for German defense if German security were assured from the enemy whose blockade was starving German women and children. The lull in submarine warfare had been a cover for Germany to accumulate new submarines for a sudden and decisive foray. Von Tirpitz was back in the saddle. The German High Command had secretly decided for unrestricted submarine warfare while the President's peace note was in preparation.

War was force; and only force could win. The chance that America might enter the war had to be accepted. Our navy could be of little assistance when the German navy was already blockaded by the British. Germany saw the military spirit as lacking in us. If we could not raise enough soldiers to guard the Mexican border adequately, what influence could we have in that European joust of veterans? If the submarines did not prevent the transport of American troops, then any American force that reached France would be only a mob, too untrained to be effective should it arrive before Germany had won the war. All reports from America, and German understanding of American traditions, indicated that America had no thought of any aid to the Allies but money and munitions, which the Allies had been receiving when Germany and America were at peace.

On January 20, 1917, von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, handed the fateful note to our State Department. After the 31st all American and other neutral as well as belligerent ships were to be sunk without warning in a zone drawn around (Continued on page 56)

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munitions war, but Congress was not preparing for either, not to mention a soldiers' war.

The President delivered his second inaugural address after a group of filibusters, among whom were Kirby, Lane, O'Gorman, Vardaman, and Stone (Democrats), and Cummins, Clapp, LaFollette, Norris, Gronna, Kenyon, and Works (Republicans), had talked his Armed Ship Bill to death.

These were the "wilful men, representing no opinion but their own in making the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible," in the opinion of the now embattled President who stood "firm in armed neutrality," as he said in his inaugural address. His Attorney General decided that the authority which he had asked from Congress to arm our merchant ships he might exercise without the consent of Congress.

Of concern to the War Department was the failure of the old Congress to pass any Army Appropriation Bill. In order that the Army might have running expenses for the coming year the President on March 9th summoned a special session of the new Congress to meet on April 10th.

Meanwhile, the little Secretary had begun his sixteen-hour working day, which was not to end until after the Armistice. From the General Staff he had the latest reports of the European situation through our attachés and the expert reading of the daily official communiqués. Probably no man in the country could think of more things as a result of his position that he would like to learn in spite of all the advice poured in upon him by his callers. Not a day passed without suggestions involving vast expenditures while he waited on the assembling of the new Congress. The President still hoped to avert war.

But the march of destiny gained more recruits on March 15th when St. Petersburg sent news which changed the attitude of citizens who had been born under the Czar, or whose fathers had been, and had seen no point in fighting for Czarism and against Kaiserism. Revolution had dethroned Nicholas II. The last despotism of an unlimited monarchy in Christendom was no more. We should be fighting with the young Russian Republic as our ally. Our public was hailing the regenerated Russian army which would turn on Germany and Austria, whose people might join the movement of revolution and dethrone their own rulers. Our dollar-a-year men foresaw us supporting Russia with munitions and money, a suggestion which still further removed us from contemplation that war meant sending an army to France.

But while our disillusionment about Russia was months away, the German High Command knew already, as one of the calculated factors of its confidence, that Bolshevism which was being nursed by German agents was on the way to supplant the Kerensky government; that the Russian army had struck its last serious blow in the World War; that the only man-power the Allies could depend upon to take the place of the Russian was the untrained man-power of America. Ger-

many had only to galvanize Austria with fresh energy against France, Britain and Italy.

And the German High Command had more news to strengthen its faith in its program in the results of the spring drive of the French army supported by the British on its front. General Nivelle, who had been made Commander-in-Chief of the French army for his retaking of Fort Douaumont of the Verdun defenses, had applied the tactics of that brilliant success for a decision on a vast scale. As our hopes rose about Russia, they rose at the prospect that the stalemate on the Western Front would at last be broken and the German army driven beyond its French defenses and forced out of France. The communiqués reported the piecemeal successes of the British, the main thrust of the French, and then, as March drew to a close, we heard the old phrase from the French, which had ended so many drives, that the victors "were consolidating their gains."

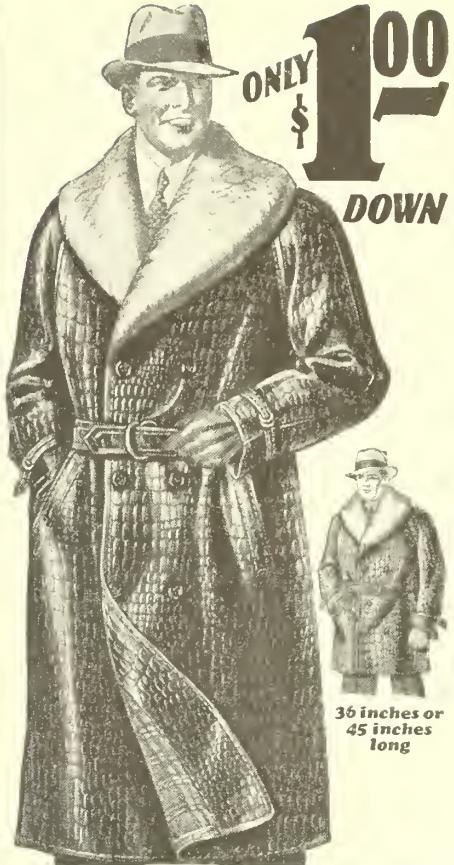
Nivelle's star had fallen as quickly as it had risen; his name was to be the symbol of disaster; and Mangin, his right arm, had won his sobriquet of "The Butcher" (which he was later to redeem) as the penalty of the ghastly losses. The French censorship might not permit the appalling truth to be published lest it should further depress French morale; but the German High Command, which had seen the slaughter of the French at the expense of slight losses to the Germans, knew it long before it was known in official Washington circles; and the German High Command was rightly advised that after this bleeding the French army, which had been so heavily bled on the Marne and at Verdun, would not be capable of another great offensive unless fresh reinforcements came to its aid.

It was propitious and dramatically suggestive that on the same day, March 21st, that the President recognized the new Russian government, he advanced the assembling of the new Congress by two weeks for an earlier consideration of the Military Appropriation Bill. This was the last gesture to bring Germany to her senses. If she did not respond war was inevitable.

The next day Baker placed on the President's desk a map which divided the military departments of the eastern seaboard into three, thus making six departments instead of four for the whole country. Obviously, our new army "for defense" would be concentrated facing Germany.

On the 26th Baker had proposed an executive order, to the limit of the President's authority in an emergency, freeing "the War Department in the matter of purchase of materials and supplies and the construction of additional buildings needed in our arsenals and work upon our fortifications." The order, Baker said, "was not broader than the situation justified."

The records of the meetings of the Advisory Commission of industrial experts, which were then secret, are very revealing, read in connection with the Baker papers and other records. Captains of industry. (Continued on page 58)



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Guaranty Products Co., Dept. R-150
Francis Bldg., Washington at 16th St., St. Louis, Mo.

When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 57)

try were both experiencing and applying education.

"This country has enormous resources," said a resolution of the Advisory Commission of February 12, 1917, "both in producing equipment and in skilled labor, but their resources are inadequate for the national service, and therefore useless in an emergency." That is, almost as useless as untrained soldiers against trained. This was something already learned in this invaluable pioneer work.

The Advisory Commission, which was without funds from Congress to pay the rent of suitable offices, was finding, as well as the Secretary of War, that it had to "consider the great number of volunteer offers of service." It was listening to E. R. Stettinius, J. P. Morgan & Company's purchasing agent for the Allies, and to other experts of European experience, but no man actually in the service of the Allied armies might be asked to address the Commission. This would be unneutral and arouse criticism from all the elements that still hoped war might be averted.

All the makers of shoes, or of uniforms, and all of the producers of the material for the building of training camps and the contractors who were to build them, could not be called into one room for counsel. Committees must be appointed to explore every channel of production. But in this nebulous time one thing was definite. On this point Baker never deviated. An army of a million men was to be raised. It was to be the unit of all the Advisory Commission's estimates. As a guide for the army of a million men there were the reports of the Kernan Board, the Treat Board, and the so-called Machine-Gun Board. The results of these investigations as authorized by the National Defense Act of June 3, 1916, were already before Congress before it adjourned without passing the Military Appropriation Bill.

There was no intimation from the War Department that the million might go abroad. It was to be in defense of the United States against the invasion of the hosts of the victorious European army. The Advisory Commission was equally discreet, even if its minutes were secret, for it was an official body. Mention that soldiers might be sent to France would lead to the outcry that the captains of industry had joined the military satrapy. Yet in the back of their heads, the experts in industry as well as the experts of the General Staff might be thinking otherwise.

And before the Commission were the General Staff's tables, received as the latest information from European experience, showing the ordnance and ammunition required for a million men: 1,500,000 rifles, 3,270,000,000 rifle cartridges, on mobilization, and 250,000 more rifles and 5,250,000,000 more cartridges for a four-months' war; 432 three-inch field guns and 4,000,000 rounds of ammunition on

mobilization, and 22,000,000 rounds more for a four months' war, and so on through the different calibres to the nine-inch howitzers and the anti-aircraft batteries, not to mention 75,000 field glasses. The cost of the whole, without considering gas equipment, transport, food, and clothes, would be \$2,000,000,000. How soon could the country produce this much? It could not begin producing until Congress voted funds.

At the best we could have 75,000 rifles for the million men and 140,000 of the 5,000,000,000 rifle cartridges by September 30, 1917, and all the field guns for one million men by the autumn of 1918, and so on, if theory worked out in practice. In order to have had the million men equipped promptly in April, 1917, Congress, therefore, would have had to appropriate \$2,000,000,000 for arms and ammunition in December, 1915. The most extreme of the preparedness group had never made a proposition of this kind, when people were wondering six months after the war began why it took the British new army so long to get into action.

The captains of industry were finding that it required a longer time to arm soldiers than they had dreamed. They were more and more realizing that not even American business genius could set an automobile factory to turning out rifles and guns on a few weeks' notice. But they were to accomplish wonders which, as we look back now on the war, seem incredible. Their labors had already saved us much time and might have saved us more if there had been appropriations.

His foot under him in the chair, the little Secretary of War, taking an occasional whiff at his pipe, as he sat in the Chairman's seat at the meetings, kept on listening. He asked and answered questions. When someone told him something that ought to be done he wanted to know how it could be done without money and the consent of Congress. But he never decried Congress. It was the law-making power. With it rested the declaration of war and the provision of funds for the making of war. It were better to have a friendly than a hostile Congress when the nation was occupied with hostilities with another nation.

The rising war emotion fed by the sinking of American ships and other events since the breaking off of relations had not materialized in bringing the Regulars and National Guard to their quota. How were we to raise the rest of the million?

Willard and other members of the Advisory Commission spoke for conscription: but they had not passed a resolution out of respect to the opposition of Gompers, the labor member. Of the members of the Council of National Defense, Secretary Daniels, Navy, and Wilson, Labor, were against compulsion. Baker had little to say except to weigh the pros and cons. He was familiar with

the unfortunate history of the draft in the Civil War; and how England had waited eighteen months before giving up the volunteer system. The people must be for the draft before their sons could be drafted.

In view of Baker's seeming indefiniteness, which apparently veiled his mind, some of the captains of industry, as one related, were thinking that the robust Franklin Lane should really be Secretary of War rather than the shy little Baker. There was no indefiniteness in Lane's views on the subject. He would raise four million men at once by the draft. Then, as he said, everybody would know that we were in earnest. Everybody, of course, included Germany. If Germany knew that we were drafting four million men she might change her mind.

There is something a little naive and pathetic in the picture of the lovable and vigorous Lane scaring the German High Command at this time. When the French drive had failed and the submarine warfare was succeeding fully up to German expectations, the threat of raising four million untrained men, across three thousand miles of ocean, would have scared the German High Command just as much and no less than the raising of ten thousand or ten millions. The German High Command knew our recruiting figures. It did not need to be told the truth of the tables for supplying the million, or that the million could not be transported when shipping was being so rapidly destroyed. It knew the tables by experience, and bitter experience.

Paper armies, even when transported on paper, do not scare High Commands, whether German, French, British, or American, any more than the printing of stock certificates assures the investor that they will pay dividends. This soldiers learn in action, and Baker had learned in the course of his education as Secretary of War, and Lane could not learn in the course of his as Secretary of the Interior.

Yet Lane's talk was welcome to Baker. All information and views were welcome. When the leaven was working it was a mistake to stir the dough or put it in the oven too soon. It was not yet time for the Secretary of War publicly to advocate the draft.

Statesmanship in the War Department was looking in five directions: to the experts of the Army, the experts in industry, Congress, the people, and the President. All these elements must be combined in one tidal movement of energy behind the War Department when war came. When labor had always strongly opposed the draft, it was best for the present to leave outside influences to win Gompers over to the draft. Baker said that he would take the views of the Commission to the President.

Meanwhile, there was an important document in the President's desk. It had been prepared under the direction of the Secretary of War by the Judge Advocate General and his assistants more than a month before the Advisory Commission took up the draft seriously and before the late Congress had adjourned. It was the bill for the draft, which was little changed when it was passed by Congress seven

weeks later. As he left the joint meeting some of the members of the Advisory Commission were thinking that Baker was after all a timorous, though a very likeable and intellectual little man, conspicuously one of the "Yes" members of a dominant President's Cabinet.

From a Council of National Defense meeting, he would return to the War Department where visitors were waiting to tell him how to win the war when it began or how to prevent it from beginning. On April 5th, the day before we entered the War, he referred in a letter to Thomas L. Sidlo, his law partner in Cleveland, to the rising pressure of the preceding weeks:

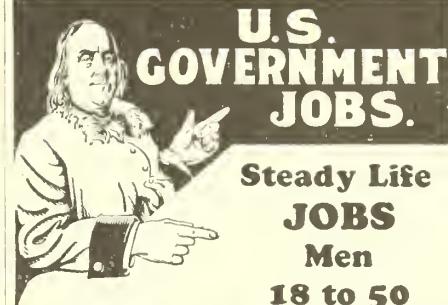
"All day long and every day the outer office is full of people who must tell me—nobody else will do—what they think they know about plots, conspiracies and perils, or else show me their devices or plans for making war on Germany."

The conspiracies referred to Germans living in the United States. Many were reported to be members of a secret organization, under direction of the German Staff, which might blow up bridges and munition plants and carry on a general sabotage. All kinds of alarms and much private information about German plots were pouring into the War Department and the Department of Justice, often from most responsible people. If all were true, the vast majority of citizens of German extraction were disloyal, and there would be an earthquake of explosions at the zero hour. In our great cities, with their large foreign groups, we might have an internecine war to care for before we made war on the Kaiser. Wholesale arrests on suspicion were not in the picture, not to mention their illegality, if we were to fight for human freedom.

Reason, in the face of emotion, would not suspect the loyalty, as against all foreign nations, of citizens of the United States because they were of German birth, although their sympathies were on the side of the Fatherland as against the British or French. But reason would be prepared for all possibilities. If disloyalty showed its head, action must be swift and summary. Once war began Baker would give the army full authority to suppress disorder of any kind for the protection of the army and the State. In forwarding a telegram which he was sending to Department commanders on March 28th he wrote to the President:

"My own opinion is that prompt and decisive action, in the first case occurring by the Federal military authorities without waiting for any sort of police or legal process will prove a powerful deterrent, while uncertainty of action and confusion of counsel will be bad both for the country and for those who are disposed to make trouble."

IT IS not in place here to dwell upon the scenes when the President, escorted by a troop of cavalry, rode to the Capitol on the evening of April 2d; or upon the emotion of the crowded floors of the House and galleries in the superconscious realization of a great historical moment, as he read his (*Continued on page 60*)



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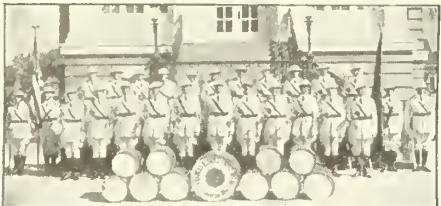
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<input type="checkbox"/> Government Clerk—File Clerk	(\$1,260-\$2,500)
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The Plug That Saves Electric Bills

When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 59)

call for a resolution declaring war on Germany, in no spirit of "quarrel with the German people." Armed neutrality had become worse than ineffectual against a government which threatened to deal with the guards upon our ships as pirates beyond the pale of the law. "We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind . . . The world must be made safe for democracy . . . We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts."

Now the pacifists summoned their hosts for the last desperate effort. They would descend on Washington in forty railroad cars; but only eleven were filled. Now the critical Congressmen who faced the inevitable might make their last protests to be printed in the *Record*: and the great majority could answer them by pressing for the vote. It came in the Senate on the 4th, 82 to 6 for war. The six against war were Stone, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, Lane and Vardaman, Democrats; and LaFollette, Gronna and Norris, Republicans. Two days later, at three in the morning of April 6th, with 50 members, including the one woman member, Miss Rankin, against, and with 373 in support, the House passed the Resolution.

Our streets bloomed with the Allied flags and our own, and London, Paris and Rome with American flags. The nation which had been ridiculed for being "too proud to fight" was hailed as "a noble country" by President Poincaré of France, and in like terms by all the Allied rulers who were wondering just how much we were going to fight.

The means we possessed for waging war became a public question as well as one for War Department counsels. We had the billions the Allies had paid us for supplies to loan to them to replenish their empty war chests. How much would we spend on our own conduct of the War? How soon would Congress make the appropriations? Congress had no idea when war was declared that we should be sending an army to France.

"Good Lord! You aren't going to send soldiers over there, are you?" said Senator Thomas S. Martin of Virginia, when the War Department's program for a preliminary expenditure of three and a half billion dollars was presented to him.

The question of what the Allies would expect us to do, which the Advisory Commission, the Shipping Board, and all who had worked in war preparation had been pressing for weeks, became acute. As soon as we broke off relations with Germany our military representatives abroad were confidentially sounding the Allies as to their desires, and intimating that we would be grateful for technical information which would aid our own preparations. There was no disposition to give it before we were actually in the War. Our military attaché in London, Colonel William Lassiter, received this

note from an assistant of the General Staff: "As soon as the House of Representatives (which was then debating the resolution for war) has finished its work, I will let you have the information on the various subjects which you specified yesterday, and the various training manuals, etc. Until then I feel that my hands are rather tied." Not until we had been initiated into the secret society might we know the mysteries.

As late as the week before our entry into the war there was no suggestion from our future associates in the war that we should send an army to France. Under date of March 30th there is a report in the Baker files of conversations with Colonel Johannet, Comptroller of the French War Department, in charge of the purchase of supplies in the United States, and with M. Bloch, representing the French Minister of Finance in the United States. This said that France primarily needed credit to purchase supplies, and their prompt transport. An American army in France was deprecated. There were soldiers enough. Transporting an army would clog transportation facilities and take men needed in our fields and shops to produce supplies. Both Canada and Australia had a hundred thousand trained and equipped men who were waiting for transport. England had a large number of men who had not seen service.

"As far as this country is concerned," according to the report of the conversation, "this should be a war of finances, supplies and transportation, and the best protection we have against foreign aggression is the soldiers of France and England and the navies of the Allies, ably assisted by our own Navy."

In short, our mothers need not worry that their sons would be sent to the trenches. Our captains of industry were to be our generals, our workers to be our soldiers. This was the natural propaganda circulated by the Allies to urge us into the war. If we ourselves should have needed aid as seriously as the Allies needed it then we might have been equally plausible. It was quite in order that the Congressional leaders should have been abashed by Baker's temerity telling them, instantly we were in the war, that we might have to send soldiers to France.

The first official suggestion of an American expeditionary force in France came from our attachés in France, whose interest in its coming was both human and professional. On March 30th Major James Logan, Jr., reported from Paris that in "talking jokingly of our entry into the war, one of the French staff officers said that the French General Staff was not particularly interested in the question of having American troops in France. It appeared, however, that M. Jusserand and the French military attaché in Washington had both urgently recommended to their government the advisability of having American troops

participate in or be represented in the military operations in France on account of its importance both as a moral factor against Germany and the necessity, as they saw it, of keeping up America's interest in the war."

But the moment we were in, the flood-gates of conflicting information were opened. From our London military attaché came the call for a general officer and more assistants. The French wanted us to send over a general and twenty staff officers (when twenty-six were all we had in Washington). Through our military attaché in St. Petersburg the Russian staff informed us that they would permit as many as fourteen staff officers to be attached to the Russian army. Because the French had the best army among the Allies and the theatre of war was in France, they asked us to send officers and non-commissioned officers to France to be trained near the front, where "in close touch with the changing methods and conditions of warfare they would become accustomed to the sights and sounds of war."

But the British Chief of Staff thought that "American troops should be trained at home and not rushed to France before being trained." The French would have the commander of an American expeditionary force report to the French commander with the French Staff, while the French Staff would work up all the details for us. The French wanted us to establish a strong censorship lest military secrets which they had imparted to us should reach the Germans. They offered long recommendations about espionage and counter-espionage and the control of American political news so as not to embarrass their relations with the neutral countries. They would be only too glad to send over officers to induct us into all the necessary complex regulations.

But Lord Northcliffe, known as the Napoleon of British journalism, was publicly calling on us not to imitate the European press censorship which had been such a grave handicap to the war spirit. At the same time the British military authorities were worried lest we should be lax.

The Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs was calling on us to give precedence to military orders from Russia in our factories; to send immediately two thousand locomotives and freight cars; and assured us that in Vladivostok, far across the Pacific, pier space would be provided to unload twenty-five steamers a day from America.

M. Albert Thomas, French Minister of Munitions, who before we went into the war was only concerned with clearing the New York docks of supplies for France, now gave us a fuller list of immediate requirements. He wanted 1,100,000 tons of heavy freight and 115,000 tons of light freight before July 1st, when our Shipping Board estimated that the transport for half that amount was not in sight if we gave all that we had to the service of France. France also wanted 2,000 kilometers of railroad track, 1,000 locomotives, iron bridge material and quantities of steel. Italy, Belgium, Ru-

mania, and all the other Allies were sending similar appeals. To their mind there was no bottom to American resources and no limit to the quantity of our production. Payment could be made by drafts on the sums we loaned them.

Volunteers from both sides of the water were not lacking to assist in the evidently necessary co-ordination. Liaison became the symbol of personal ambition of all manner of men of all manner of occupations who would serve on missions to go abroad. It was an intriguing prospect when every American had become heroic in the Allied countries, to visit the front and meet the leaders and return with exact information in all details for Baker and the War Department in order that we might promptly win the war. People of influence, who had friends in England or in France, naturally would look to experts of the Ally whom they favored as the ones whose advice should be followed to the exclusion of the advice of all the other Allies.

For all the confusing telegrams pouring in from the different nations and their bureaus, and all the suggestions from home, the War College was now the clearing house. Its chief was Brigadier General Joseph E. Kuhn, whose business was primarily to keep his head in the midst of a chaos of large affairs. He had had a most valuable experience to fit him for his task in having been an attaché on the Japanese side in the Russo-Japanese War, and later attaché in Berlin in the World War.

"The Congress has not yet taken action to increase our armed forces," he wrote in a memorandum of April 13th; "it has appropriated no money and in any event considerable time must elapse before new forces can be put in training. Huge missions of liaison are therefore premature."

In view of the shortage of officers at home he would make a modest beginning by using the officers already attached to our embassies abroad. He added, out of his experience, that care had to be taken in showing no preferences either to France or England, when we were the ally of both and our concern was strictly in winning the war against Germany for the common Allied cause.

Baker had already written to the President on the 11th that "only after the broad basis of our co-operation was established would it be wise to allow military missions to consider the subject." Despite the resistance of the War Department to the pleas for a flock of missions there were such powerful influences at work to get some kind of political authorization or other that Ambassador Page was complaining two months later of the conflicting number of missions in London which were occupying so much of the time of the British War Office.

The broad basis of our co-operation! How important it was as the first step in co-operation as to details time was to reveal. Those who were entitled to speak with high authority for the Allies were already on their way across the Atlantic. Meanwhile, money for the Allies and priority for their munitions were the first concern in aiding (*Continued on page 62*)



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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 61)

them; and our own in recruiting the Regulars and the National Guard to full strength, and providing for the equipping and officering of the army we were to raise wherever it was to serve.

Our expressed desire immediately the war began was met by the readiness of the French and English to send over missions led by distinguished leaders accompanied by groups of experts who could cover all the points of disagreements in the telegrams. In Paris there was an Inter-Allied Bureau for Allied co-ordination. But it exerted no unifying influence over the two missions which seemed to be racing each other to arrive first. At the head of the British mission, which was known as the Balfour Mission, was Arthur Balfour. The chief of its group of military experts was General Bridges. At the head of the French mission was M. René Viviani, former Prime Minister; but, somewhat to his distaste, the mission became known as the Joffre Mission, as Marshal Joffre was the chief of its group of military experts.

It is not in place here to describe the missions' tours of the country, the dinners given them, or their public receptions, especially that of Papa Joffre, as they rode between walls of cheering people under canopies of bunting. All this was only froth on the surf of deep waters yet to be sounded.

Shrewd public attention centered on the meeting of the heads of the missions and the President. What was Joffre saying to Wilson? And what was Wilson saying to Joffre in answer? The truths which the Marshal told the President should not have been so surprising to him as to the public. The other nations which had come in on the side of the Allies had each in turn demanded its price in territory and other spoils after the victory. We were in with no stipulation and for no reason given except for humanity's sake and the indignities on our national rights.

That broad basis of co-operation! It will have its sequel after the Armistice. The President, speaking the nation's thought, told Joffre that what the Allies desired us to do we should do. Joffre wanted American soldiers, although their number was small, to show the flag in France, and the President said it should be done. It was as simple as that, but, oh, not as easy as that! Strange America! What power to covet for Allied aid was revealed to the missions on their triumphal tour!

The military experts of the leaders had brought with them a vast amount of material about training and trench warfare. The British methods of training differed from the French. Both Marshal Joffre and General Bridges, of the British mission, at first told our Staff people that they realized that we could not raise, train and transport an army of sufficient size to have any effect on the European theatre of war. The extent of our military aid would be a gesture to

strengthen the morale of the people and the soldiers of the Allies. Bridges at first deplored any American army in France. It would make two more joints in the trench line, and it had been found that joints were always weak points. He saw the advantage of our support of the British, as we spoke a common language, this being the first intimation that our man-power should be fed into the British army as recruits.

Colonel Fabre, of the French mission, thought that as we could contribute very little military support, we should give our money. To him perhaps belongs the credit for first suggesting the cancellation of war debts.

A greater moment in realities was at the War College on April 27th when the flag-waving, shouting, and the perfervid oratory of Viviani, and Balfour's charm, were out of the reckoning; when soldier talked business to soldier; when Joffre, with his heavy head, with its mass of white hair and sleepy eyes, set on massive shoulders, looking the part of some wise old peasant, addressed our Staff in secret council. A Marshal of France had come to ask the aid of the army of the young people whom young Lafayette had known in its fledgling days.

Joffre had seen the Italians come in, thinking their weight in the balance would win the war, to learn that they were fighting for self-preservation. So it had been with Rumania. So America must be made to feel with time. He was more candid as soldier to soldier than the missions had been to the public. The preamble of the program of five pages he had brought said that France was convinced that "the military effort of the United States will be considerable and in proportion to our power." (So the prospect of winning with only munitions and money from America was over).

There should be the immediate dispatch of a division, which should be the size of the French, not of the big divisions we were asked to form later. Its instruction would be completed in France under "the supreme direction of the American commander attached to a French Army Corps." Then in his informal supplemental talk, Joffre said that after four to six weeks' training by the French he was certain our division would be "a good fighting unit."

Wise old Joffre! Once we were in the trenches, our blood would be shed; we would have casualty lists, the war would be ours in earnest. "The very first thing is to send a division at once. No matter how small the transport facilities, the sooner you get troops fighting alongside the French the better."

But he made clear, after his outline of conditions at the front indicated the need of long training, that we should take time to train our main army at home under French instruction before sending it to France. When asked whether the American Army should be kept together

the Marshal stated emphatically that it should, that it was bad to divide an army. When he learned our own rifle was a good one he said to keep it. Asked about where our division should land, he replied, La Pallice, probably. He was vague about the extent of the port facilities and land transport in France, but he did want that division immediately.

Baker had the report of the Joffre conference with our Staff comment, when Balfour later gave his views to the Secretary of War, a group of our officers and the General Munitions Board. Colonel Palmer E. Pierce made notes of Balfour's remarks for the War College files. Balfour asked for immediate assistance on the battlefields. "The need was so pressing that the training could be done in the field of operations: that the United States should not wait to train its forces. . . . Lack of tonnage makes necessary the sending of a continuous stream of men as soon as possible."

Lack of tonnage! To file with all the calls for men and munitions, for future historical reference, were the stark figures from Admiral William S. Sims, who had crossed to England in civilian disguise before we entered the war. Admiral Jellicoe had told him the brutal truth immediately we were in the war, truth that could not be confessed to the British people. The published statements of submarine sinkings were not actually incorrect. They gave the number of British ships sunk, but not the total tonnage of sinkings including neutral ships. There had been 536,000 tons sunk in February, the first month of unrestricted submarine warfare; 603,000 in March; and April's figures promised 900,000. At this rate, England would have to yield or starve by November 1, 1917. There was need of American sailors as well as soldiers abroad; and the sailors were already provided with transport in the destroyers that were crossing the Atlantic.

The British army was calling for doctors and nurses. Joffre wanted 94,000 railroad men and engineers and special service units. These and other requirements were being considered in the light of the differing Allied views and of information we already had. Few American railroad men knew the French lan-

guage: French railroad methods were different from ours.

"General Bridges," Secretary Baker wrote to the President on May 2d, after a long conference with the general, "took up with me the question of an expeditionary force, urging that it would be better for such a force from the United States to co-operate with the British because of similarity of language. But I told him frankly that there were many considerations to be weighed in this matter and that the likelihood was that our first expeditionary force would co-operate with the French. He seemed entirely satisfied and apparently had not been directed to stress the point." So Balfour's idea of rushing untrained troops to the British army was given up. The British had yielded to the call of French morale.

Referring to special troops such as medical and engineer, Baker said in the same letter: "These troops if assembled and sent would be American troops under the American flag; paid by us as troops and subsisted by the French and English respectively at our charge."

If we sent to France all our trained regulars and guard, we might add a total of 300,000 to the three million French and British on the Western Front.

With the Germans withdrawn to the Hindenburg Line for the summer's stalling against an offensive of the British new army then coming to the height of its power, and German concentration on the Eastern and Italian fronts, the Western Front was safe for 1917. Its crisis would come in 1918.

We had decided that we would not make war in France on a piecemeal method; but prepare a great army. We would send some units of special service troops at once. But our military policy in France would wait on the recommendations of the commander of the first element of the regular expeditionary force who would precede it. After the heads of the Allied missions had gone, leaving permanent representatives behind, Baker wrote jocularly to a friend that he felt like the lawyer who, after he was through with the formalities of appearing before the Supreme Court, said, "Now let the argument begin."

(To be continued)

Then and Now

(Continued from page 29)

tion. While the convention-reunion idea is growing rapidly, there are outfits which for various reasons still hold their meetings at other times and places.

Detailed information regarding the following may be obtained from the men whose names and addresses are given:

SEVENTH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion, Ambassador Hotel, 14th and K sts., Washington, D. C., Nov. 8th. Maj. E. L. Robertson, 4503 Leland street, Chevy Chase, Md.

157TH INF. ASSOC.—Reunion, Denver, Colo., Nov. 11th. Capt. F. H. Nankinell, Room 41, Capitol bldg., Denver.

310TH INF.—Annual reunion and dinner, Hunters Club, Syracuse, N. Y., Nov. 8th. Joe Nolan, P. O. Box 199, Syracuse.

CO. L, 316TH INF.—Twelfth annual reunion, Bethlehem, Pa., Nov. 15th. Merritt A. Bender, 1018 W. Union blvd., Bethlehem.

107TH F. A.—Reunion, Hunt Armory, Emerson Street, East End, Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov.

8-11. George E. Palmer, 6037 Bennett st., Pittsburgh.

BTTY. B, 112TH H. F. A.—Reunion, Artillery Armory, Camden, N. J., Nov. 12th. Sgt. M. L. Atkinson, 9th and Wright ave., Camden. 37TH (ELEC.-MECH.) ENGRS.—Sixth reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 8th. John A. Clark, 2712 Perryville ave., N. S., Pittsburgh.

304TH ENGRS.—Reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 8th. George F. Schuck, 5946 Germantown ave., Philadelphia.

FIRST ANTI-AIRCRAFT, 1ST ARMY ARTILLERY PARK, 621 C. A. C., 67TH C. A. C. AND 40TH R. R. A.—Reunion, San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 8th. Albert H. Roche, 782-15th ave., San Francisco.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 37—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 22d. Herman J. Worst, 1334 W. 64th st., Chicago.

CAMP MEADE COUNTRY CLUB—Reunion of former Q. M. officers who were members of club in 1917, will be held in Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 17, 1931. William M. Peck, 1695 N. 56th st., Philadelphia.

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The Top of the Heap

(Continued from page 37)

Baltimore boys got busy and found another little darky to bring them good luck and break the spell of "Red's" rock. One may have superstitions or not, but the fact remains that Baltimore won the game in the tenth inning by a score of 5 to 4. Of course, they played a great game of baseball, as did their opponents.

Baltimore ended the Little World Series on the second day by winning with a score of 10 to 4, thus reaching the pinnacle of Junior baseball. A befitting climax to the good sportsmanship displayed by both teams was the march of the New Orleans gang, when the last out was made, to the Baltimore bench where they gave three rousing cheers for the victors. The new world champions were guests of the American and National Leagues at all the games of the World Series, with all expenses paid. They were coached and managed by Legionnaire Beale Helms. Mr. Helms has been active in Legion Junior Baseball since its inception and reached the regional games with a State championship team last year to lose to Uniontown, Pennsylvania. This year it was from a Uniontown team that his boys won regional honors and the right to play in the Eastern finals.

The New Orleans team was coached and managed by Chester Fresh. He's barely twenty-one years old, and is a pre-medical student at the University of Alabama. By piloting his club to the Western championship this year he has won the unusual distinction of having had a team in the Junior World Series two successive years. He is a courageous chap and although the world championship has slipped through his fingers twice, he plans to have another team next year.

The committee of the Memphis Post in charge of the arrangements for the tournament did a successful job and added to their city's reputation for hospitality. During the series each evening the members of the competing teams were guests at the various theaters. During the mornings they were taken on

sight-seeing trips by automobile through the city and across into Arkansas.

Both teams stayed over until the evening of the thirtieth when they were tendered a banquet by the Memphis Legion Post. This banquet was attended by local and department officials of the Legion and city officials of Memphis. The speeches were short, the food was excellent and plentiful, and the boys voted it a real good time. At this banquet Russell Cook, who has directed the Junior Baseball program this year, presented Herbert Newberry, captain of the Baltimore club, the Howard Savage trophy and charged him to present it to the Commander of the Department of Maryland, in whose custody the trophy will remain until the 1931 World Series.

The tournaments this year have been marked by the finest degree of good fellowship and sportsmanship, and reflect an excellent leadership the team managers are giving to their boys. I saw the New England tournament at Manchester and the Eastern finals at Charlottesville, as well as the World Series, and in no instance was there any evidence of bitterness over losing.

True that in defeat many of the boys could not hold back their tears—but they were not tears of bitterness; only an expression of pent-up emotion which could not be held back. The pitcher on one team, who had won sixteen consecutive victories, was in his room crying after his team had met its defeat in the Eastern sectional. He explained that he was not sore at anybody and he hated to act like a baby but he just had to have his cry.

These American Legion games are attracting nation-wide attention and drawing the men who served their country in an emergency closer to the fellows who are going to have to accept the duties of citizenship a few years hence. No finer activity could be carried on, and the Americanism Commission looks forward next year to over one-half million boys taking part in these competitions.

First Aid to Home Seekers

(Continued from page 27)

Court, where three distinguished attorneys who had seen war service won a victory for the veterans. To avoid any recurrence of this attack on the measure's validity, a validating act, amending the State constitution, was put on the ballot in November, 1922, along with the \$10,000,000 bond issue. Both carried overwhelmingly.

This \$10,000,000 was distributed in \$5,000 loans—the limit fixed by the act for any individual veteran—as fast as the bonds could be sold and applications handled. The original act limited veterans to the purchase of farms not to exceed \$7,500 in cost and of homes not to exceed a purchase price of \$5,000, but increas-

ing real estate values and the ability of some of the veterans to assist the financing from their own savings prompted a subsequent amendment under which the purchase price of home property was increased to \$7,500, the loan limit remaining at \$5,000. So a properly qualified veteran may now buy a home up to the value of \$7,500, providing he is in a position to furnish the difference between the cost and the amount of the State's loan.

Although World War veterans assumed the leadership in obtaining the legislation, the act was drafted to include veterans of all our wars, provided the veterans are bona fide residents of California.

Veterans desiring to take advantage of the act file preliminary applications with the board which are numbered as they are received and classified in groups of a series of a thousand. These preliminary applications are checked over and the fact that the applicant is a bona fide California veteran as defined by the act is established and that he meets the adopted regulations and legal qualifications. The applicant, upon tentative approval, is given a personal interview to determine his fitness and ability to carry out the terms of a farm or home purchase contract. If he meets the requirements he is then issued a selection certificate which authorizes him to select the farm or home desired and submit a legal description for the board's appraisal.

The veteran, in securing a home, has a choice of building to suit his needs or of selecting a home already constructed. If he should have a home constructed, the contractor must assume the responsibility of whether or not it is acceptable to the Veterans Welfare Board upon the basis of the board's appraisal.

Having selected the property he desires to acquire, the veteran files with the board an application to purchase which contains a legal description of the property, the price asked and a statement of any indebtedness which may be standing as an encumbrance. The application is signed and sworn to by the veteran and the property owner. The board's appraisers make a detailed inspection of the property and their findings determine the price the board will offer for the property.

The board purchases property outright for cash and title to the property is held by the State until the veteran pays off his loan. The loans are usually for twenty-year periods, with interest at five percent. The average monthly payment by the veteran is \$30.

All incidental expenses of the board in connection with the deal are paid by the veteran through adding an administrative charge to the purchase price of the property selected. Careful appraisals of property are necessary to avoid loss in case a home or farm should have to be abandoned by the veteran purchaser and necessarily resold by the board. There are no funds available from which such a loss could be sustained except from the surplus derived from the administrative charge.

The veteran makes an initial payment of five percent in the case of a home, or ten percent in the case of a farm, of the selling price of the property, and is charged with all expenses in connection with the appraisals, examination of title and incidental expense, plus the administrative charge of five percent.

Getting down to figures, a typical case may be illustrated as follows:

Purchase price of home.....	\$5,000.00
Appraisal fee	12.00
Administrative fee, five percent of \$5,000.00	250.00
Selling price to veteran	\$5,262.00
Initial payment, five percent of \$5,262.00	263.10
Balance to be paid on contract	\$4,998.90

This balance is usually amortized over a period of twenty years. The theory of the amortization plan is to arrange a monthly payment of principal and interest at a fixed rate, which retires the entire amount by maturity. The beneficiary under other loan plans too often neglects the saving and accumulation necessary to meet the principal payment when due, and is compelled to seek renewals and extensions.

No argument is needed to point out the advantage of buying for cash. This is estimated to result in a saving of from ten to fifteen percent for the veteran. Fifteen percent on a \$5,000 deal is \$750. Contracts on real estate, if acceptable by banks, are invariably discounted twenty percent, and few builders are financially able to permit an outlay of money of any appreciable volume without curtailment of their building activities and operations.

Funds from the sale of bonds under the first \$10,000,000 issue having been exhausted, a proposal for a second bond issue of a total of \$20,000,000 was submitted to the Legislature of 1925. It was approved and placed before the voters on the ballot in November, 1926. Again the people, having now seen the plan in operation, endorsed the undertaking by a tremendous vote.

The Veterans Welfare Board has now approved loans for all of the funds of the second bond issue, and the third, for another \$20,000,000 will be on this November's ballot as a result of legislation enacted last year.

The board had on file on March 1, 1930, 35,000 applications, and they continue to be received at the rate of six a day. There is no time limit for the filing of applications, and as California has more than 150,000 war veterans the demand may be expected to continue.

Under the rules of the board, action on applications to purchase homes for veterans who are without dependents are deferred. Occasionally letters bearing the message "I'm married now" are received from applicants whose applications had been given deferred classification. About ten percent of all applications received are from veterans desiring to purchase farms. The veteran desiring to purchase a farm must prove his qualifications as a farmer.

No private business organization can point to a better record of good management than that which has characterized the operation of the Veterans Welfare Board. According to its secretary, George M. Stout, a member of the board since 1923, eighty percent of the veterans buying homes have never been delinquent in their payments. None has ever been convicted of a felony. Some of the veteran home purchasers have already paid off their loans in full and received deeds of title to their property, and the board has been able to retire \$2,000,000 of the bonds to date.

The farms and homes purchased by the board are located in fifty-four of the fifty-eight counties of the State. The value of property in the hands of veterans has increased an average twenty percent over the purchase price and the rental value of (Continued on page 66)

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30x4.50-21"	2.90	1.35	32x4	2.95	1.15	
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THE UNFINISHED BATTLE

SEE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can Write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

SEVERAL factors point to a steady increase in the number of government insurance policies taken out by World War veterans, Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, indicated in his annual report presented to the Legion's national convention at Boston. Substantially larger dividends have been paid policyholders during 1930. Policyholders are now dealing direct with the regional offices of the Veterans Bureau nearest them instead of with the bureau's central office in Washington. This decentralization of insurance activities places the Government's service upon a new basis of efficiency and will benefit policyholders in many ways.

The fact that Congress prevented the expenditure of Government funds for campaigns to increase number of policyholders has made the Veterans Bureau dependent upon help from outside agencies in bringing government insurance to the attention of service men not now holding policies. The Legion continuously has carried on an educational campaign by radio, by circular letter in co-operation with employers of large numbers of service men and by other means.

By the time this is read, the Bureau probably will have announced premium rates for the new total disability insurance made available to policyholders under a law passed by Congress this year. Policyholders must apply for this disability insurance if they wish it and must give proof of good health. The benefit will be paid when an insured is totally disabled for a period of four consecutive months or longer. Payments of the benefit shall not reduce the face value of the policy. The total disability insurance is independent of the "total permanent disability" benefits which have always been a part of government policies and for which policyholders do not pay extra premiums. Payment of all premiums is waived during total disability.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600

Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

6TH INF., 5TH DIV., AND 165TH INF.—Frank M. LIEBFRED, Co. K, 165th Inf., requires statements from Sgt. James F. KELLY, Pvt. Joseph KUCHENBROD, 2d Lt. Robert BONNER, Cpl. Casper N. SIMPSON, Capt. Richard M. WIGHTMAN, Floyd R. CUNNINGHAM, Michael PETZ, George L. ONSLOW and other men who remember that he was gassed in the Meuse-Argonne sector. LIEBFRED is suffering from tuberculosis.

118TH INF., 3D BN., 30TH DIV.—Leslie O. SMOCK, Co. I, 118th Inf., wants statements from officers and men who may know of his service disability.

1ST PIONEER INF., Co. G—Edward C. DANIEL, suffering from skin infection due to being near Fismes, France, Sept., 1918, requires statements from Thomas A. LOGUE, Charles P. DELP, Stephen M. BOYD, Francis M. CRANE, George W. PITTMAN, Arthur H. E. SCHROBBACH and Michael N. KICK.

125TH INF., Co. E—Alvin FRANKS wants affidavits from Luther NEWBY, John COONEY, Campbell HUBBARD and Capt. HYNAN, relative to service disability.

HQ., 1ST ARMY ART.—Statements from Chaplain OLIVER, medical officers and men of outfit, and from medical officers of hospitals in Bar-sur-Aube, Souilly, and St. Emillion, France, in connection with bronchial trouble acquired by Arthur SWANSON in service.

1ST ARMY ART. PARK—Statements from men who remember Claude E. BALL who was gassed while in St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. BALL died of tuberculosis and his mother is endeavoring to establish compensation claim.

44TH REGT., BTRY. C. C. A. C.—R. A. HUDSON wants statements from 1st Sgt. Richard W. ROCIE and Sgt. Emil RAPPAPORT.

20TH ENGRS., 1ST CO., 1ST BN.—Former comrades, especially SORENSEN, who remember C. F. MCLEAN, now a patient in U. S. Vets. Hosp., Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

32D PROV. ORD. CO.—Former members, particularly Capt. SMALL, commanding officer at Mehun, France, DeForest L. HART, 26th Div., and Fred DIRLA, James DAILEY, E. E. WILLIAMS and Major MACALEER, who remember accident to William J. McBEE at Atelier Mehun, France, Aug. 12, 1918.

RY. OPERATING DET., SAVENAY, FRANCE—Former members who remember Edward S. FITCH.

POSTAL EXPRESS SERV.—Statements from men who served with Mess Sergeant William H. PAYNE at Tours and St. Neon, France. Suffering from mental disability.

27TH CO., C. O. T. S., CAMP GORDON, GA.—W. S. MCCORMICK needs statements from John J. SLATTERY, former sgt., Q. M. C., Camp Greene, N. C., and man named HOWLEY from Massachusetts, same outfit.

KEENE, Capt., Medical Corps, stationed at Lavoye, France, Sept., 1918, is requested to furnish statement regarding disability to J. H. CROMER, ex-pvt., Co. K, 3d Pioneer Inf.

162D INF., HQ., CO.—THOMPSON, Russell E., desires to locate Clay H. STEWART, formerly of Little Rock, Ark., and Harry W. STRED, formerly of Springvale, Me.

342D INF., CO. D, 86TH DIV.—Ex-Pvt. Emil HARKE wants to hear from Cpl. BOSANCO and other men in his squad, Oct., 1918, Bordeaux, France, with reference to disability claim.

WEST, Ralph, desires statements from men who remember disability suffered by him while with Base Ord. Depot No. 1, Camp Montojo, north of Toul, France, Nov., 1918. Also doctor who examined troops in Norfolk, Va., 1919, and Herman C. CARLSON, J. T. DALY, Sgt. Frederick W. SACER and Cpl. Salvatore FUSCO.

First Aid to Home Seekers

(Continued from page 65)

property averages above \$50 a month.

The Veterans Welfare Board maintains its headquarters in the State Office Building, Sacramento, with branches in the metropolitan centers. Secretary Stout's force is an all-veteran staff, with the exception of a few typists.

"The State of California does not set

a veteran up in a home or on a farm and then forget him," says Stout. "Nor does the State's further interest extend only to keeping his monthly payments coming in regularly. We keep six men from our office constantly in the field, maintaining contact with the veteran home and farm purchasers. The welfare of the vet-

eran is our concern and we keep posted on it.

"The great mass of veterans buying homes or farms are not aware of any further contact with the Veterans Welfare Board than their regular monthly statements of payments due. But occasionally when a veteran finds himself in difficulties, perhaps from temporary unemployment or illness, we can advise him and help keep his domestic craft on an even keel.

"Our plan of financing is based upon an intimate interdependence of contractual revenue and contractual obligations, to insure, as nearly as practicable, a constant equilibrium of income and outgo of funds. Inadequacy of income to meet interest and bond redemption payments would compel the State to secure elsewhere the deficient revenue, a contingency plainly not contemplated as a normal occurrence by the welfare bond acts.

"We believe that the same general principles apply to public business as

apply to private business, but there exist essential differences which must be thoroughly understood if a clear comprehension of the financial affairs of a public enterprise is desired. The absence, comparatively speaking, of the elements of risk and profit in the conduct of public business makes it prohibitive to rely upon chance for ability to meet required expenditures. To be assured of this ability, the administrator may not, as in the case of private business, indulge in nebulous hopes of future profits, but must possess as precise a foreknowledge of future resources and liabilities as circumstances will permit.

"Being restricted by constitutional and other legislative limitations and having little discriminatory power in matters of policy, except by way of recommendation, his requirements as to financial information have reference to the question of how well he has discharged the public trust placed in him."

New Timers

(Continued from page 38)

with more precision. It took some effort to realize that the men in those companies, boys of eighteen to twenty-five mostly, had been in training just a week.

Furthermore, there was another matter to be considered. There was not a single Regular Army officer in that parade. The training of the C. M. T. C. had been left entirely in the hands of the officers of a single reserve regiment.

Under the National Defense Act the Regular Army is only the nucleus in the general scheme for the Army of the United States. Cut down to 125,000 officers and men, a few thousand more than defeated Germany is permitted to have, the Regulars can form only the smallest part of the show in any next war—numerically, that is. The main burden is going to fall on the National Guard and the National Army, the latter composed of reserve officers and drafted men.

Insofar as the National Guard is concerned, its efficiency is considerably greater today than at the start of the World War. But like the Army, the Guard is limited as to numbers. The main burden is going to fall on the organized reserve.

A few years ago the Officers Reserve Corps seemed to be a ghastly joke. With exactly one thousand officers to every enlisted man in the Organized Reserve, it seemed to be the nearest approach to a Latin American organization in which everyone had to be a general that even this pacific nation had ever produced. Then the Big Boys began to tighten up. Reserve officers who held commissions only for the honor of them were quietly placed on an inactive list for the remainder of their commissions.

This training of the C. M. T. C. by the officers of the reserve regiment marked the graduation of the Reserves themselves in a way from Regular Army training. The officers of the Reserves, given the necessary thousands of un-

trained men, were functioning as they would function in the event of war.

But there are too few C. M. T. C. cadets for all reserve regiments to have a chance at this sort of training. During the time I spent at Camp Dix I saw five regiments of reserve officers do their stuff—the 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th and 311th. Except for the outfit given command of the C. M. T. C. cadets I never saw an officer of one of the other regiments who was not in fatigue clothes. They were commanded by their own officers.

There was much for them to learn. The day when the doughboy had only rifle and bayonet to worry about has passed forever. Today each infantry regiment consists of what amounts to infantry, cavalry and artillery. There are almost as many animals in a doughboy outfit these days as there were in mounted organizations before the World War.

Firepower? Modern infantry has it. In each squad there is an automatic rifle. In each battalion there is a machine-gun company. Now to add to the firepower against tanks and enemy machine guns a field piece is to be added to each infantry company. The doughboys will not have to yell for artillery fire to destroy enemy machine guns. They will have their own artillery.

They will need it, too. New tanks are being constructed which go forty-five miles an hour over rough ground and sixty miles an hour on smooth roads. There are all sorts of other new weapons planned and projected.

Another point, and one not altogether unimportant to those of us who recall 1917-1918 with its petty hates between officers of varied origin. So far as one could ascertain by personal experience, there was no difference between a commission held by a Regular or a Reserve so far as treatment and universal comradeship were concerned.

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THE MESSAGE CENTER

E. T. THURSTON of 57 Post Street, San Francisco, writes: "In the December, 1927, number of the Monthly appeared a picture of a parade in a Paris street, showing a bare-headed man with an overcoat over his left arm, waving his cap in his right hand, while looking directly at the camera. Friends, including Friend Wife, declare that that man is my double. I wonder if you can satisfy my curiosity to the extent of supplying the name and address of the buddy in question." The answer is no, so far as we are concerned. But perhaps some other reader of the Monthly can help. The picture to which Mr. Thurston refers is at the bottom of page 33 in the issue named, and is one of numerous illustrations depicting activities at the Paris convention. The caption reads: "Montana does its stuff along the Rue de Rivoli," which may provide something of a clue. Does any Montanan recall being photographed waving his hat directly at the camera and holding his coat over his left arm?

HERE is another appeal for assistance that we are forced to pass on. It comes from Charles S. Stedman, Jr. of the Gardner Advertising Company, New York City, who writes: "Having failed to learn the derivation and origin of the expression 'to lead the life of Riley' I have been advised by some Legion friends to write asking your help. These friends seem to think that 'the life of Riley' is a war expression. Frankly, I do not know, and several months of hunting have failed to give me any clue. If you can help me I would very much appreciate word from you." Mr. Stedman's query opens up an interesting field, and we imagine that several thousand other Legionnaires would be grateful for the right answer.

WE ARE indebted to Lieutenant Colonel J. G. McIlroy, G.S., military attaché at Tokyo, for an interesting personal reminiscence of Secretary of War Baker (and we should welcome further accounts of A.E.F. and home experiences in which Mr. Baker has a part). Colonel McIlroy writes: "It was my first trip up to the Argonne front. Leaving G. H. Q. early, the chauffeur and I sped along through a drizzly morning in a Cadillac sedan, throwing the mud to both sides of the slushy French road. Not far out from Chaumont we whizzed by two men standing by the roadside not far from a large automobile which was having a tire changed. The mud flew over them. I remarked to the chauffeur, 'That was Secretary of War Baker you threw that mud on.' He replied, 'I didn't notice the Secretary, but the other was General Pershing.' I added quickly, 'Step on it,' and wondered if they would take our number."

BIG MOMENTS continue to come in, despite the fact that the contest closed on June 20th. The latest total is

10,701, as against 10,640 noted on this page last month. While we're on figures, it may be of interest to note that our statistical department reports that 398 separate wartime outfits have been mentioned in the Monthly this year through the September number. Some have been mentioned only once, others four or five times, and one or two have been mentioned six or seven times. Wild horses will not drag from us the names of the organizations which made seven up.

DR. HORACE EDDY ROBINSON insists that this is all we say about him: Born forty-three years ago in Portland, Maine; educated at Cushing Academy and at Tufts College; World War, first lieutenant Medical Corps, stationed mostly at Camp Jackson, South Carolina; sixteen years on the staff of the Babies' Hospital, New York City, and at present president of the medical board of the Northern Westchester Hospital, Mount Kisco, New York, and chief of contagious services, Grasslands Hospital, Valhalla, New York. On its own responsibility the Monthly adds that Dr. Robinson is a specialist in the diseases of children whose work in that field, as in others, has attained wide recognition.

IN JOHN W. HEISMAN'S interesting article, "Trifles Light As Air," in the October issue, one of the trifles mentioned as making football history was the drop kick which hit the ground and bounded over the cross bar to give Princeton a fluke victory over Dartmouth, 3 to 0. The following winter the rules were changed, and ever since then a play of that nature has been a touchback, which yields no points. But on that same November day in 1911 when Princeton became the beneficiary of the break, Phillips Andover Academy, playing Phillips Exeter, made a goal from the field in exactly the same fashion, only in that case the officials ruled it no goal. Thanks to Eddie Mahan, who later made football history at Harvard, the freak points were quite unnecessary, as Andover was more than twenty points up on its greatest rival. To add to the coincidence of the freak happening on the same day is the fact that two brothers were officials in the two games, W. S. Langford being referee of the Princeton-Dartmouth game, and A. M. Langford umpire of the Andover-Exeter game.

A REREADING of the first instalment of "When Mr. Baker Made War," by Frederick Palmer, convinces us that it was no error of judgment to announce it a month ago as the most important contribution to the history of the World War that has yet been made. Mr. Palmer had, of course, to start a year before our entry into the war with the induction of Mr. Baker into what at the moment looked as though it might be just an average secretaryship. It is odd

how, at this distance, the Mexican border rumpus takes on something of the romantic glamour of ancient days. It seems, somehow, to belong to the era of Jeb Stuart or John S. Mosby, despite its comparative lack of color when set against their sparkling exploits. The border fuss, of course, was just a job of work to do that got done. Exactly how packed with dynamite it was at the time can be recalled by those (which number includes every Legionnaire) who remember the tenseness of the situation as part of their own experience.

IT IS of great interest to note that Pershing's task was not to "catch Villa," which would have been as difficult a matter as snaring a particular spider who had been given two days' notice, but to break up his "band or bands." Villa was "caught," eventually, and not by American hands. Mentioning the matter to three or four others, we found a couple of them maintaining that Villa was still alive. It is odd how sometimes a little matter like a death fails to register strongly in our minds. Look over the pictures that accompany the first instalment of "When Mr. Baker Made War" and compute how many of the notables whose likenesses are shown have gone on. Then show the pictures to someone else and ask him to do the same. You will get two different totals—and an argument.

THE American Society for the Control of Cancer asks the Monthly once again to remind its readers of the fight which medical science is making against that disease. There is a free clinic for cancer diagnosis in every good hospital in the United States, the Society says. The New York City Cancer Committee, 34 East 75th Street in that city, has available booklets dealing with the disease, and will be glad to answer questions addressed to it from any part of the United States.

KNUTE ROCKNE, no stranger to Monthly readers, whose article on "Co-operation" is a feature of this month's issue, is probably better known than any other American football coach since his Notre Dame teams developed the ability to win something like ninety percent of their games. He can't do any better this year than last season, when Notre Dame took all its games with its coach flat on his back in bed.

NEXT month, among other things, a detailed account of the Twelfth National Convention of The American Legion at Boston.

The Editor
The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



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